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The Wild Turkey.

BY GUYON.

The wild turkey—*Meleagris Gallipavo*—is unquestionably the finest game bird on this continent—"either as seen and felt on the board, or yet in his grander and nobler capacity or character, as game,"—in the free forest.

Of immense size, with burnished plumage, spurred and bearded, he is a magnificent fowl. Ever on the alert, with a keen eye, sensitive ear, quick flight and fleet foot, he is almost unapproachable. But when you do bag a full grown gobbler, what mighty exultation! Yet there is many a slip between the cup and the lip; and after many weary hours spent in stalking or calling him, just at the moment your heart is beating high with hopes of circumventing him, the faintest noise may alarm him, or he may see the slightest motion of hand, head or body, and without waiting to say "good morning," he is off instantly.

Turkeys here usually associate in flocks, numbering from ten to twenty-five; although they are sometimes found in larger numbers. When this is the case, there are probably two or more flocks united. They range indiscriminately in the hills, or in the bottom lands, and betake themselves to the fields for corn and peas in the Fall, and for the growing wheat in early Spring, and for the gleanings of the stubbles in the Summer.

Whether there are two species—leaving out the *Melegaris ocellata*—I am not prepared to say. Neither do I know whether the "moss-head" of Pious Jeems, and others is a mythical bird, or walks the earth clothed in flesh and feathers. This much I do know, that all the very best turkey hunters here—men familiar with their every habit, and all their peculiarities—assert most positively that the "moss head" is a different species. They claim that they are smaller, and the plumage darker in color, lacking the metallic luster characteristic of the common wild turkey; that the head is covered with short bristly hairs—hence the name—also that their only note in answer to a yelp is a cluck.

This question we will leave *sub judice*, as interesting the ornithologist more than the sportsman. Still we would like to see it settled definitely. Why cannot some of the believers in the moss head, kill one and send it to Dr. Coues and let him say whether or not it is a different species?

The immense size and great beauty of the turkey, the wellknown delicacy of its flesh, the skill and tact required to bring it to bag, render it an object of the utmost interest to the sportsman and naturalist. The following description is copied from Wilson, in which the generic as well as the specific characters of the wild turkey are given:

"The male wild turkey when full grown is nearly four feet in length, and more than five in extent. The bill is short and robust, measuring two inches and a half to the corner of the mouth; it is reddish, and horn color at tip; the superior mandible is vaulted, declining at tip, and overhangs the inferior, being longer and wider; it is covered at base by a naked cere-like membrane in which the nostrils are situated; they being half closed by a turgid membrane, and opening downwards; the inferior mandible slightly ascends towards the tip; the aperture of the ear is defended by a fascicle of small decomposed feathers; the tongue is fleshy and entire; the irides are dark brown; the head—which is very small in proportion to the body—and half the neck, are covered by a naked blueish skin, on which are a number of red wart-like elevations, on the superior portion, and whitish ones on the inferior, interspersed with a few scattered black, bristly hairs and small feathers, which are still less numerous on the neck; The naked skin extends further downwards on the inferior surface of the neck, where it is falcid and membraneous, forming an undulating appendage, on the lower part of which are cavernous elevations or *wattles*.

"A wrinkled, fleshy, conic, extensible caruncle, hairy and pencillated at tip, arises from the bill at its junction with the forehead; when the bird is quiescent this process is not much more than an inch and a half long, but when he is excited by love or rage, it becomes elongated, so as to cover the bill entirely, and depend two or three inches below it. The neck is of moderate length and thickness, bearing on its inferior portion a pendent fascicle of black rigid hairs about nine inches long. [This "fascicle" or beard grows from the upper part of the breast, and in old gobblers is often found twelve inches long, in proof of which, I send one herewith *eleven* inches long, *ecce signum*.—G.]

"The body is thick, somewhat elongated, and covered with long truncated feathers; these are divided into very light fuliginous down at base, beyond which they are dusky; to this dusky portion succeeds a broad effulgent metallic band, changing now to copper color, or bronze gold, then to violet or purple, according to the incidents of light, and at tip is a terminal narrow, velvet black band, which does not exist in the feathers of the neck and breast; the lower portion of the back, and upper part of the rump are much darker, with less brilliant golden violaceous reflections; the feathers of the inferior part of the rump have several concealed, narrow ferruginous, transverse lines, then a black band before the broad metallic space, which is effulgent coppery; beyond the terminal narrow black band is an unpolished bright bay fringe. The upper tail coverts are of a bright bay color, with numerous narrow bars of a bright shining greenish; all these coverts are destitute of the metallic band, and the greater number have not the black sub-terminal one; the vent and thighs are plain brownish cinerous, intermixed with paler; the under tail coverts are blackish, glossed with coppery towards the tip, and at tip are bright bay.

"The wings are concave and rounded, hardly surpassing the origin of the tail; they have twenty-eight quill feathers; of which the first is shortest, and the fourth and fifth longest; the second and ninth being nearly equal; the smaller and middling wing coverts are colored like the feathers of the body; the greater coverts are copper violaceous, having a black band near the whitish tip; their concealed web is blackish, sprinkled with dull ferruginous; in old birds the exterior web is much worn by friction amongst the bushes, in consequence of which those feathers exhibit a very singular unwebbed curved appearance. The spurious wing, the primary coverts, and the primaries, are plain blackish, banded with white, which is interrupted by the shaft, and sprinkled with blackish; the secondaries have the white portion so large that they may as well be described as white banded with blackish, and are moreover tinged with ferruginous yellow; this color gradually encroaches on the white, and then on the blackish, in proportion as the feathers approached the body, so that the tertials are almost entirely of that color, being only sprinkled with blackish and having metallic reflections on the inner web; the anterior under wing coverts, are brownish black, the posterior ones being grey; the tail measures more than a foot and a quarter, is rounded and composed of eighteen wide feathers; it is capable of being expanded and elevated, together with the superior tail-coverts, so as to resemble a fan when the bird parades, struts, or wheels. The tail is ferruginous, mottled with black, and crossed by numerous narrow undulated lines of the same color, which become confused in the middle feathers; near the tip is a broad black band; then the feathers are again mottled for a short distance, and are widely tipped with ferruginous yellow.

"The feet are robust and somewhat elongated; the tarsus measures more than six inches in length, being covered before by large alternate plantagonal plates, and furnished on the inner posterior side with a rather obtuse, robust, compressed spur, nearly one inch long. The toes are three before, connected at base by a membrane, and one behind, touching the ground only at tip, being articulated higher on the tarsus than the others, and one-half shorter than the lateral toes which are equal. The middle toe is more than four inches long, and the posterior one but little more than one inch; they are all covered by entire plates; the sole is granulated; the color of the feet is red, the margins of the plates and scales, the membrane and nails being blackish; the nails are oblong, wide, obtuse at tip, rounded and perfectly plain beneath."

The average weight of the gobbler is from fifteen to twenty-five pounds; the hen usually weighs from ten to twelve. The largest gobbler I ever saw weighed twenty-four pounds after he was dressed. I have often heard of them exceeding that weight but have never seen them.

About the 15th of March—if the weather be fine—the gobblers begin their love-making. At first on warm mornings, if the wind is not too high; and by the first of April, are at it in earnest. The hens have usually finished laying by the first of May. They select for their nesting places the most secluded spots, in the depth of some thicket, or by the side of a log, or within the shelter of a fallen tree top. Fields of wheat, rye or oats are often chosen.

The nest is merely an excavation in the leaves or a depression in the grain or grass. In this the eggs are laid to the number of from twelve to eighteen; they are of a dirty white, blotched and spotted with brown. The eggs are carefully covered, and the nest so artfully concealed as to make it almost impossible to be seen.

The period of incubation is about twenty-eight days. The young are able to run as soon as they are out of the shell. When first hatched they are of a light brown, with darker brown markings on the head and back. Before they can fly they have the knack of hiding, like young quails, at a note of alarm from the parent bird. After two or three weeks they are able to fly. At this time they frequent the newly cut stubbles morning and evening, and like to sun and dust themselves in the roads, or on the sandy sides of hills, or in the woodlands, in the ashes of burned logs.

THE WILD TURKEY.

They grow rapidly and by the last of July are as large as a barnyard fowl. They are much lighter in color than when fully grown, being of a dirty ashen hue with darker markings. Having an abundance of food they still continue to develop rapidly, and by the middle Autumn—having dropped their suits of dirty grey they come forth resplendent in green and gold and purple.

Happily they are now protected by law in most states until old enough to know how to take care of themselves, and large enough to repay the sportsman for their capture. Formerly they were shot as soon as they were as large—in the vernacular—"as a chicken hen." They are then so small that it is an absolute crime to kill them, and, moreover, they are not fat, and are covered with wood-ticks.

After they are grown they still continue in flocks until toward Spring, when the hens separate from the gobblers, preparatory to commencing the labors of incubation. The young gobblers do not gobble much unless the old ones are killed, when one or two will take their places. The truth is the old ones will not allow the young ones to gobble, but keep them whipped off. It is a case of the "longest pole gets the persimmons." The young gobblers are usually found in flocks of eight or ten at this season. There are a few old gobblers that never, or rarely, mingle with the flocks at any season. They go for motives of safety—singly or two or three together. They are "cocks of the walk" and chiefs of the harem. These old fellows are exceedingly cunning, and fearfully wild, and it is the next thing to an utter impossibility to get within gunshot of one of them. Nothing on the face of the earth—either two-footed or four-footed, whether it flies, runs, or swims—is wilder than an old gun-shy gobbler. With them "eternal vigilance is the price"—not only of "liberty"—but of life. Even a suspicion of danger is enough to put them to flight. A note of alarm from some bird, the breaking of a dry twig under foot, a single false call, and it is astonishing how swiftly they get away. You see them one moment, the next they vanish like a shadow.

In common with all gallinaceous birds "which have an especial summons or peculiar display of attitudes, airs and splendors by which to attract the females," they are polygamous, and many and fierce are the battles fought for the supremacy.

In addition to being polygamous, they are omnivorous. They devour all kinds of grain, both ripe and growing—peas, corn, all sorts of mast, berries, tender shoots, and the juicy leaves of various plants, frogs, snails, tadpoles, crawfish, mice, lizards and insects. In fact they will gobble up almost anything that comes within the swallowing capacity of their gullets.

Somebody wants to know if a turkey can swim. You wing one and try to run him down afoot, and let him get to water, and see if he cannot swim. He walks the water like a thing of life, sits as high on it as a two-story steamboat, and comes out as dry as if he had on one of Capt. Boynton's rubber suits.

We see from time to time in the sporting press accounts of turkeys being bagged over the points of setters and pointers—as we bag quail and grouse—five and six straight. I have never hunted that breed. While I am free to admit that occasionally a turkey will lie very closely, a single discharge of firearms would alarm those scattered around, and they would all make off. A dog would stand an ostrich on the Lybian Desert about as easily as a turkey here. Neither have I seen the peculiar breed they have in Texas, that will sit quietly in the trees and suffer themselves to be shot down, at the rate of one a minute for half an

hour. The turkey I have hunted is emphatically the wild turkey.

Dear brother sportsmen, you may have bagged sturdy, swift-flying game, little Bob White, as he rose whizzing from autumn stubbles, before the points of your well-trained dogs; you may have tumbled the towering woodcock, as he sprung upward from the marshy borders of the brook, flushed by the questing spaniel, or the twiddling snipe as he got up with a "scalp" from the wide marsh; or upon prairies, undulating and vast, over tireless and wide-ranging dogs, day after day, you may have cut down the pinnated grouse; or, in thickets almost impenetrable, you may have, "with the eye of faith and finger of experience," sent the rattling shot duly and truly after the glancing, ruffed grouse. All these you may have brought to bag, to say nothing of the myriads of fowls that cleave the air and swarm upon the waters, and yet, believe me, if you have never killed a full grown gobbler, you have never slain the grandest game bird in America, *par excellence*, the princliest of them all.

For him use a ten bore gun with five drachms of powder, and an ounce and a quarter of LeRoy's or Tatham's, Chicago Shot Tower's or Sparks' No. 7, shot, for the right hand barrel, and in the left same charge of powder and an ounce of B.B.B. shot. If you get a standing shot, up to forty yards, use the small shot, aiming at the head. If beyond that distance, or if flying, or running, give him the large shot in the body. There is no greater mistake than using buckshot on turkey. Of the rifle I will not speak, except to say that there are so many chances against a good, fair shot with it, that it does not amount to anything.

The rifle and shot gun combined might be a good arm, but of it I cannot speak from any personal experience. Many years ago I killed turkeys with a large-bored rifle, that would "execute" —as Tom Draw had it—at one hundred yards. They were flushed by trained hounds, and shot from the timber; but they are much too sharp for that now.

For "callers" there are various devices. Nothing is better than a tapering cylinder of hard wood, six inches long, an inch in diameter at the bottom, and half an inch at the top, hollowed out inside, the hollow corresponding with the outside shape. In the top a small cane is inserted, six or eight inches long, with a very fine opening through it. With this caller nearly all the notes of the turkey can be imitated, except the gobble. The next best caller is made from the large wing bone, the humerus, next the body. Cut out a crescentic opening, as shown in the figure; cut off the small end, clean the bone out thoroughly; insert a nicely fitting plug of wood, with a small hole through it, into the cut off end, into which fit a piece of cane, as in the wooden caller, and it is complete.

There is also a caller made of a block of wood three inches long and two wide, hollowed out inside, with a nail or piece of wire driven into the bottom; this is drawn across a small piece of slate, or small whetstone, and makes a noise similar to the yelp of a turkey. The palm of the hand should cover the hollow in the block. Some prefer to all these a thin piece of India rubber, three inches long and an inch wide, such as is used by the dentists, and called by them, rubber dam. By turning down the upper edge, and blowing or rather partially articulating the notes, a perfect imitation of all yelps and calls can be made. I have seen many different kinds of patent callers, made of brass, tin, bone, horn, wood, etc., and with any one of thema mere tyro can succeed in scaring every turkey out of the county. "But better than these, than all is" the human vocal apparatus, when it can be properly attuned and modulated so as to imitate the notes of the turkey. But fortunately for Mr. Gallo, there are but few persons who can do it. I have seen two or three men who could yelp, cluck, drum, and gobble so perfectly that they could make a turkey absolutely ashamed of himself. Said the best turkey hunter in the country to me, recently: "I can tell from the first yelp exactly what kind of a caller a man is using, and am never deceived; but if he calls *well* with his *mouth* he may fool me." Yet with all these, and with your best skill in their use how often does it happen that they won't come at all. How many times after hours spent in calling, it may be lying on the bare ground in a constrained and uncomfortable position, will they come up silently, and seeing you first, vanish like a shadow.

As illustrating the wonderful shyness and cunning of an old gobbler, I will give, *in extenso*, a passage at arms with one: I had tried this old fellow several times and could never get him within a hundred yards, notwithstanding he would strut and gobble as long as he could hear a yelp. So I concluded to try a rifle, and select an open space where I could get a shot if he came within range. I knew every foot of the ground, and chose a hiding place behind a fallen poplar, with a large limb on top close to the log, leaving an opening through which I could see, the limb hiding my face and head. In front and on each side the ground was open beyond rifle range. To prevent his seeing me, I placed a large limb from the fallen tree on each side, and then lay down. He roosted over a large slough, and gobbled at the same place nearly every morning. Sticking the muzzle of the rifle through the space above the log I listened attentively. 'Twas a bright clear morning in March; the day had not dawned; the stars glittered "in the infinite meadows of heaven;" a ghost of a frost lay on the earth, and the air was crisp and cool, conveying every sound with unusual distinctness. Gradually the voices that precede the dawn were heard; the chirping of birds, and the crowing of cocks at a far-away farm-yard. The stars paled; a faint streak spread in the East. Then, far away, clear and distinct, came the rattling gobble of a young turkey, and near at hand the "*who, who, wh-o-o-o are you!*" of the owl, and instantly in answer, stiring my blood like a bugle call, came the loud gobble of the old fellow I was after. Then the owl laughed a long rollicking, almost human laugh, and the old gobbler rolled it forth again. After a pause I heard him fly down from his roost; then a gobble, which I answered with a very low yelp, to which he gave a stunner in reply that set all the owls within a mile to laughing. I did not reply; I wanted to play the coy maiden on him. Quite a long pause, and then he tried it again; still I would not answer. The sun rose; then another interval and he rattled it out again.

This time I answered with a low yet distinct yelp. He tried to split his throat, and gobbled loudly two or three times, and came a little nearer, but not within sight, and I could hear his "*tzit boom*" as he strutted. Then he commenced executing a flank movement on my right, and after a while got entirely in my rear. There was a thicket intervening, and I knew he would go clear around that, as he was much too sharp to go through it. So when he was some distance off I gave a loud yelp, which he answered two or three times. Directly he gobbled off on the other side. I answered him again. He staid right there for at least an hour, as I could tell from his gobble, trying to coax the supposed hen out to him, but I would not answer. Then he took a position in front again, near where he had first flown down, having by this time gone entirely around me. There he gobbled some time, but would come no nearer. I yelped again that he might locate me, but he did not answer. I waited half an hour, then yelped again, when he answe red from the same place. I then put up my caller, as he knew exactly where I was. I lay there a long time waiting, and was beginning to think he had gone, when he gobbled again. Then another long pause, and no sound save the caw of a crow, and the "woa, haw" of the plowboys in a distant cotton field. Suddenly, by some sort of instinct or intuition, I knew he was coming, and noiselessly sprung the trigger, and silently drew back the hammer. Then looking through my port hole I saw him standing erect and motionless, not fifteen yards away. With one foot half raised, he seemed suspicious of the very ground he stood on. Full grown, and clad in a suit of shining feathers that fitted him like a coat of mail, and in the bright sunlight gave off purple, and green, and golden reflections, and glittered with a metallic effulgence. His eyes sparkled in liquid brilliancy. Spurred and bearded, with blue head and scarlet wattles, he was a magnificent bird. All this I took in at a glance; and drawing just to miss the side of a straight bush that stood right in the line of sight, I covered the center of his breast, and pulled the trigger. The sharp crack followed, and the ball, grazing the side of the bush, struck the butt of his wing without touching his body. He leaped into the air at the shot, and coming down struck out at a two-twenty gait, with hanging wing. Getting a bullet out of my bullet pouch, I went after him. For a little while I held my own, and then getting completely pumped out I gave it up, and saw him disappear in the dim distance. However, my horse was not far away, and going quickly for the hounds, they jumped him from a fallen tree top and ran into him in a twinkling. He was the very best gobbler I ever bagged, perfect in every respect, plumage, spurs and beard, and in prime condition.

Right here I must say that I am not one of those who believe that Spring hunting after gobblers can ever materially lessen the number of turkeys in a country. There are the very fewest number of sportsmen who can call up and kill a gobbler—and no true sportsman, when after a gobbler, would kill a hen. He who would do it would violate the game law at any time.

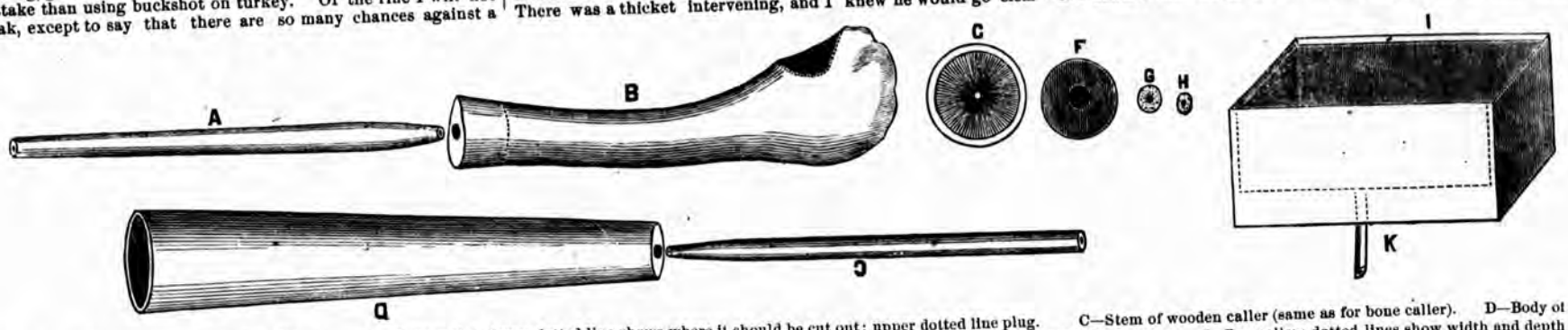
For Fall and Winter turkey shooting, a well-trained dog is indispensable. A pointer or setter is the dog for this kind of work, and will take to it naturally, and with a little training can be made to do just what you want. Going out with your dogs to the places where the turkeys most do congregate, you cast them off and let them range widely. Soon striking the trail of a feeding flock, if the scent be hot, off they go at top speed. Presently a sharp "*put!*" "*put!*"—a rush of many wings, and a short, quick bark from Dash or Ponto tell you the flock is flushed. You should keep well up with the dogs, if possible, and you may get a shot on the first flight. If you do not a whistle brings in the dogs. After removing your horse some distance, you go back near the place where the flock got up, and having charged the dogs cover them in the leaves, or with a dingy saddle blanket, and, if they are turkey dogs, they will remain as quiet as "cast iron dachshunds" until you call them. Then hide yourself and wait patiently for the turkeys to commence yelping; or, after waiting a reasonable time, you may proceed to give a yelp or two yourself. Don't call too much; they will come somewhere within calling distance before they all get together. Then, if you can imitate their notes with sufficient exactness to fool them, and don't let them see you, and shoot straight powder, you may bag one or more right there.

If you are a bald-headed man I advise you to keep your hat on, especially in "musquito time." I have a friend the top of whose head is as guiltless of hair as a silver-skinned onion. He had scattered a large flock one day in early Fall; they were coming to his call from every side, but he had taken off his hat and it lay just out of reach. The savage and blood-thirsty musquitoes swarmed down on his defenseless head but he could not move a hand to brush them away without being seen by the turkeys. He bore it as long as human endurance could hold out; then, giving his head a mighty slap, he got up, gory and turkeyless, and swore he would ever in future hold on to his hat.

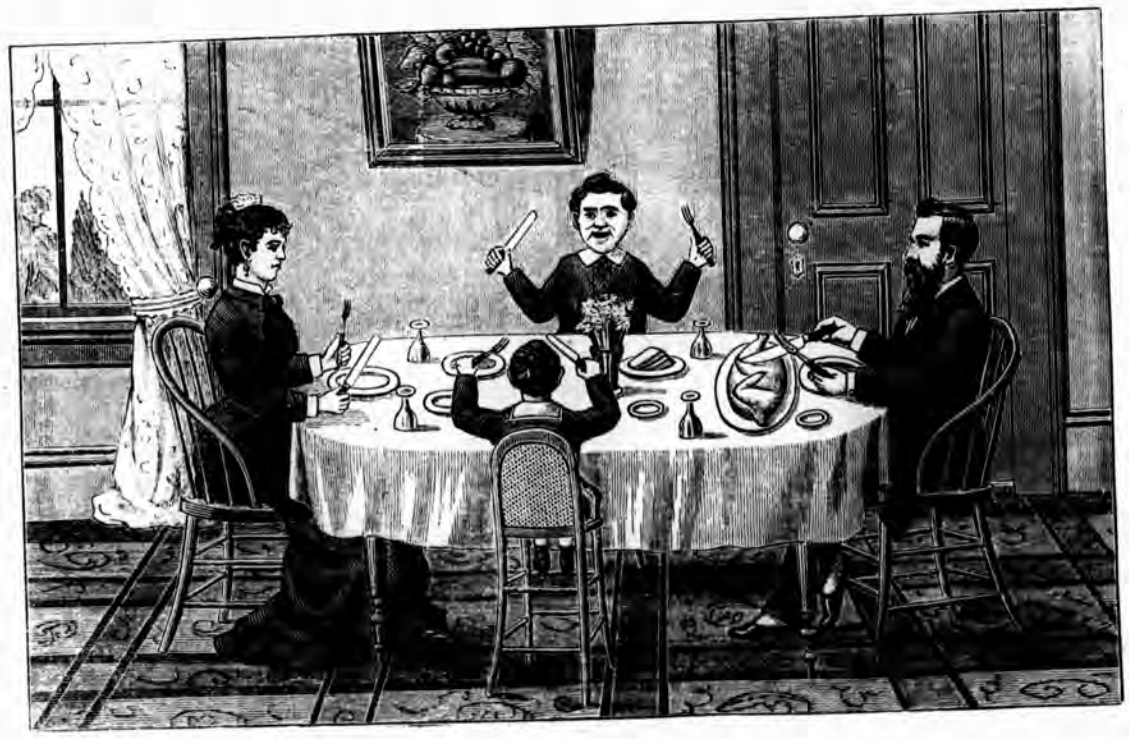
Sometimes when you are at a deer stand, the hounds and driver almost in sight, having made an unsuccessful drive, an old gobbler is flushed, and cleaving the air "on resonant and powerful pinions" he comes thundering overhead. Then may you with a fortunate shot tumble him to earth. And occasionally you may ride suddenly upon one, and get a shot before he is off; but these chances are rare.

Last Winter, while quail shooting, in riding through a wood, I came within forty yards of ten gobblers that were standing with heads up intently watching the dogs. I brought down the best one in the flock with a couple of loads of No. 7 in the head. He was a splendid two-year-old gobbler in fine flesh. They are sometimes killed by watching fields where they come to feed; but this requires hours, nay, even days, of patient waiting, and is the favorite method adopted by the lately "enfranchised." Either this or trailing corn, as a bait through woods frequented by them. Coming to this bait the turkeys will follow it, picking up every grain, and at length will come to a narrow trench filled with corn; near this is Mr. "Fifteeth Amendment" concealed within a blind of brush or cane; blood in his eye, and a three-dollar shotgun in his hand. When the turkeys get all their heads in a row, picking corn from the trench, he blazes away and usually kills two or three. I saw a darkey last Fall with three young gobblers slung on his back, coming to town to sell them. Having bought one I asked him the particulars of his shooting them. "Tell you what it is, massa," he replied, "had de powerfulest time callin' up dese gobblers. Powerful smart I tell *you*; scattered dem soon dis mornin', an' kill de las' one 'bout two o'clock. Dey was mighty hard to fool I tell *you*." I found out next day that the old reprobate had killed them all at one shot from a baited blind, in which he had lain in wait about eight hours. To kill them successfully, and in a sportsmanlike style, not lie in ambush for them by the day, like a wild beast waiting for his prey, requires a cool head, a clear eye, and a steady hand, and an intimate knowledge of all their habits; and to be a first class turkey hunter, you must be, like the poet, "born so."

"For cupid dead what more but funeral rites?" And after your gobbler is killed what more can you do but cook and assimilate him? I have not read Mrs. Glass, nor Miss Leslie, nor Soyer, nor Francatelli, nor Brillat-Savarin, nor any other man's or woman's cookery book, and cannot tell you how they would have you cook him. But give me a good old-fashioned plantation cook, and let her roast him until nut-brown, and my word for it, whether he be stuffed with *foi gras*, or oysters, or simple bread-dressing; whether you cover his rich and juicy meat with jelly, or eat it with a stalk of celery; whether you wet it with wine or water, you will find, as the old woman said about the rye after it was made into whiskey, "you can worry down a little;" and if



A—Stem of bone caller, made of small cane. B—Bone caller; lower dotted line shows where it should be cut out; upper dotted line plug. C—Stem of wooden caller (same as for bone caller). D—Body of wooden caller. E—Section of bottom of wooden caller. F—Section of top of same. G—Section of top of stem. H—Section of bottom end of same. I—Box caller; dotted lines show width and depth of excavation inside. K—Nail in bottom.



FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

you don't mind Gen. Jackson's injunction, and "load light," you won't have any room for your *pie*.

Corinth, Miss., May, 1879.

The Horse.

Racing in England.

THE CHESTER CUP WON BY REEFER, AND THE CHESHIRE HANDICAP BY PAROLE.

The race for the Chester Trades Cup took place on May 7, and the great prize was made unusually interesting by the engagement and performance of the American representative, Parole. It was thought by the best of judges that notwithstanding the penalties incurred by Mr. Lorillard's brown gelding for his late victories, the time honored Cup race was at his mercy, and those who had backed him for large sums have for days been singing anticipatory songs of triumph over what Chester would would bring them. The result was. as in a field of ten, Parole, though a great favorite, was not placed. The race was won by Lord Dupplin's chestnut gelding Reefer, 4 years old, carrying 99 lbs.; Lord Rosebery's brown gelding Touchet, 5 years old, 126 lbs., was second, and the same owner's bay colt Ridotto, 4 years old, 106 lbs., third. Parole carried 124 lbs., which included 12 lbs. extra for late winnings.

The Chester Trades Cup of 500 sovs. in specie, half given by the Trades of Chester and half by the Grand Stand proprietors, added to a Handicap Sweepstakes of 25 sovs. each, 15 forfeit, for three-year-olds and upward; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. and the third 50 sovs. from the stakes. The winner, after publication of the weights (April 10, at ten A. M.), of the One Thousand Guineas or Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket in 1879, or a handicap, value 500 sovs., to carry 12 lbs.; of a handicap, value 300 sovs., 7 lbs. extra; entrance 3 sovs. each to the race fund, which will be the only liability if forfeit be declared by noon on Tuesday, April 15. About one mile and three-quarters, starting at the Workhouse turn; fifty-nine subscribers.

Of the fifty-nine subscribers ten numbers were hoisted on the telegraph and eventually came to the post. There were Mr. Pierre Lorillard's brown gelding Parole, Lord Rosebery's brown horse Touchet, Mr. Wadborn's chestnut gelding Zucchero; Mr. H. Hall's chestnut colt Astronomer; Mr. Jardine's bay colt Tam Glen; Lord Rosebery's bay colt Ridotto; Lord Dupplin's chestnut gelding Reefer; Mr. S. Lerborne's chestnut horse Deluder; Mr. W. H. Manser's brown filley Mountain Ash, and Mr. Etche's chestnut colt Votary. In the morning the betting had been 7 to 4 on Parole, 4 to 1 against Touchet, 10 to 1 against Zucchero, 10 to 1 against Astronomer, 12 to 1 against Tam Glen and 20 to 1 each against Ridotto, Reefer, Deluder, Votary and Mountain Ash. At the start the betting was 6 to 4 on Parole, 1,000 to 75 against Reefer, 8 to 1 against Touchet, 12 to 1 against Ridotto, 10 to 1 against Zucchero, 10 to 1 against Astronomer, 12 to 1 against Tam Glen and 20 to 1 each against Deluder, Votary and Mountain Ash.

The Race.—When the horses had settled down Deluder took up the running, attended by Mountain Ash, Astronomer, Reefer and Zucchero with Parole and Touchet lying off. At the five furlongs post Reefer went to the front, and, without again being headed, won by a length, with the same distance being between the second and third horses. Parole, who took the second place in the straight, finished fourth. The *Pall Mall Gazette's* sporting intelligence says: "If Archer had not eased Parole, when he found he could not win, Parole might have been third."

THE CHESHIRE HANDICAP WON BY PAROLE.

The Chester races came to an end on May 8, the chief event on the programme being the Great Cheshire Handicap Stakes. The presence of the American representative Parole among the entries, and the understanding that he was certain to start, though he suffered defeat for the Cup yesterday, increased the interest centered in the event. The vast crowds on the walls and slopes and the enthusiasm displayed by the thousands was not an unusual incident at this cradle of racing sport. Parole won the race as he liked, and for the fourth time since his appearance on the English turf delighted his backers.

The Great Cheshire Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, 10 sovs. forfeit, with 500 sovs. added by the Grand Stand proprietors, for three-year-olds and upward; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. from the stakes and the third to save his stake; any winner after publication of the weights (April 10, at ten a. m.) to carry 5 lbs., twice or 200 sovs., 7 lbs., or of any race value 500 sovs., 14 lbs. extra; entrance 3 sovs. each to the race fund, which will be the only liability if forfeit be declared by noon on Tuesday, April 15. Grosvenor Course, nearly one mile and a quarter. 49 subs.

[The highest weight accepting being 119 lbs. it was raised to 124 lbs. and the others in proportion.]

Of forty-nine subscribers to the Handicap Stakes the numbers of eight runners only appeared on the telegraph. These were, besides Parole, Lord Dupplin's chestnut gelding Reefer, the winner of the Chester Cup; Mr. Leigh's bay colt Sir Joseph, Lord Zetland's bay colt Flotsam, Lord Rosebery's bay colt Ridotto, Sir John D. Astley's bay horse Drumhead, Mr. Acton's bay colt Thornfield and Lord Wilton's gray colt by Strathconan, out of Fragrance. This was double the number of runners which appeared at the post in the same event last year, when Archer piloted to victory the six-year-year chestnut horse Woodlands, carrying 123 lbs. Parole's penalties brought his impost up to 134 lbs. The antagonism of Reefer, whose winning the Cup, augmented his weight to the fairly respectable figures of 118 lbs.; Ridotto, who finished third in yesterday's struggle, and the American gelding invested the race to-day with much like the speculation that it has caused in the glorious past. The betting at the start was 6 to 1 against Flotsam, 5 to 2 against Ridotto, 7 to 1 against the Strathconan—Fragrance colt, 9 to 2 against Parole, 9 to 4 against Sir Joseph and 12 to 1 against Reefer.

The Race.—After the eight runners emerged from the paddock the horses were soon at the post and started on their journey. Flotsam made the running with Ridotto and the Fragrance colt, and at the first turn Parole was the last of the field. As the straight was reached Flotsam was in much trouble and hung out signals of distress, when, Parole being called upon, he shot through the lot on the outside with the speed of a bullet, and, coming away from them, won the race by three lengths in a canter. The consternation of those who judged of Parole's chances for the race by his performance yesterday can be much better imagined than described. There were many who thought that he was not in the slightest degree dangerous. The race for second place between Reefer and Sir Joseph was a gallant struggle, and ended with Reefer securing the honors of that position by a neck only.

A London View of the Race.—The *Sportsman* says Parole won the race in the commonest canter. It declares there can be no question that he is a good horse, but does not think he is much to be feared by English owners in the Ascot, Goodwood or Doncaster Cups. In the Gold Cup race at Epsom he will carry 15 lbs. less than Touchet, and should, therefore, reverse his Chester Cup form.

Kentucky Association Spring Meeting.

The Spring meeting of the time-honored Lexington Association opened on May 10, under excellent auspices, large attendance and good track, though deep in dust. The Phoenix Hotel Stake was the first race on the programme, for three-year-olds, one mile and a quarter, and of the thirty-eight nominations ten came to the post. These were Black Hills, Lilly R., Scully, Trinidad, Hamadan, Wissahickon, Ada Glenn, Bailey, Falsetto, and Bucktle. Trinidad was the favorite, selling at $240, Ada Glenn $162, Lilly R. $150, Falsetto $120, Bailey $60 and the field $138. After fully twenty false attempts the lot were sent away to a bad start, Trinidad being in the lead. Before reaching the stand Wissahickon was leading the division the remainder being in close order. Going down the backstretch Scully shot out from the ruck and assuming the lead, opened a gap of two lengths on Lilly R., second, Trinidad third, Ada Glen fourth, Wissahickon fifth. Entering the stretch it looked Scully's race with anything like decent riding, but his jockey foolishly gave up his pull and commenced to whip the colt, though he was three lengths in front. About half way down the stretch Ada Glenn lapped Scully, and within the furlong pole Falsetto came with a rush, squeezed himself between Scully and Ada Glenn, whom he threw off her stride, and won a fine race on the post by a neck. Ada Glenn was second, the same distance in front of Scully, third; Trinidad lapped on Scully, fourth. The mile was made in 1:43½, and the race in 2:08¾. The stakes were worth $2,800. French pools paid $29.80.

The second race was the Filly Stakes, for two-year-olds; $50 entrance, $25 forfeit; with $300 added; the second filly to save her stake; half a mile. There were sixteen nominations, and of these seven faced the starter. These were, Observanda, Annie Love, Mammie R., brown filly by Gilroy, Blue Lodge, Malta and bay filly by War Dance, dam by Knight of St. George. Observanda $140, Malta $80, Blue Lodge $60, and the field $115. After a little delay they were sent off to a fair start, Richard's filly was in the lead. Half way down the homestretch Blue Lodge came with a rush, and within the furlong pole went to the front, and won easily by five lengths. Observanda was second, two lengths in front of Mamie R., third. Time, 49½ sec.

The third and last event of the day was a dash of one mile for a purse of $300, all ages, of which $150 to the first and $50 to the second horse. Eleven started as follows: Fairy Queen, four years old; Peru, three years; Caligula, four years; Sawyer, 3 years; Pomeroy, 4 years; Enquiress 4 years; Tom Barlow, 4 years; Richard's chestnut filly, 3 years, by War Dance; Sally Blackburn, aged; Rowdy Boy, 3 years, and owner's Dunkirk. Pomeroy was the favorite in the pools, selling for $240, Tom Barlow $195, Caligula $150, Enquiress $95, Peru $75 and the field $195. After considerable delay the lot were sent away to a good start, with Fairy Queen in the lead. Dunkirk showed in front on the turn, lapped by Peru and Fairy Queen third, in this way they ran past the quarter-pole, where Pomeroy shot out from the bunch and took the lead, Peru second, Dunkirk third. Pomeroy held his lead to the three-quarter pole. Entering the stretch it looked anybody's race, but half way down home Caligula showed his nose in front, and finally won a good race by one length; Tom Sawyer second, lapped by Peru third. Time, 1:43¾.

On April 12, the second day, the attendance at the Kentucky association course was large, and the track in fine order.

The first race, purse $350, for all ages, a dash of a mile and a half, was won by Jas. Murphy's Dave Moore by Longfellow; G. W. Hancock's Croslet, by War Dance, second; Jas. McIntire's King Faro, by imported Phaeton, third; J. W. Hunt's Reynolds Caligula, by Enquirer, fourth; G. W. Bowen & Co.'s Cammie F. by imported Glenely, fifth. Time, 2:40¼. Dave Moore was largely the favorite and won after a hard contest.

The second race, mile heats, was won by Gen. Pike; Wm. Montague second. Time, 1:48, 1:47¾.

The third race, half-mile dash, was won by Knight Templar; Luke Blackburn, second; Swigert's Moscow, third. Time, 50 sec.

THE EFFECTS OF PAROLE'S VICTORIES.—The recent victories of Parole have been hard knocks for English turfmen, and evidently have set them thinking. The following by Augur on sporting matters generally is from the *Sporting Life*:—"The lesson to be learned from the most recent experiences in the horse-racing line, would point to the probability of trainers being too tender over their thoroughbreds, or of handicappers being too lenient in the treatment of horses of whose ability they have not had a fair opportunity of judging. 'Rough and ready' is a good motto for men as well as for horses, and the Americans appear to have applied it practically. Had it not been for our transatlantic cousins we should have allowed to sink into oblivion the capabilities of men for long endurance in walking and running. Some people say these walking and running competitions are not sport. Perhaps they will now say that it is not sport for an American horse to win our big handicaps under heavy weights, with every likelihood of following up his successful career. Bogardus has bustled us up in shooting, and one of the latest American imports, Dr. Carver, of mighty glass ball and rifle repute, can slaughter Bogardus. Trickett the Australian, holds the aquatic championship, our men came off second best in cricket, and we have all our work to do to lick the Zulus, and yet there are people who say that England is a great nation. Over-education, pampering, free trade and the defeat of Ridotto are ruining the country, and the sooner we come back to good home truths and hard slogging the better. Speaking as a man who knows a little about horse-flesh, if only in the shape of cat's meat on a skewer, I think I shall have the opinion of many on my side when I say that Parole in the paddock impressed few people favorably. Light necked, rough coated, leggy and curby hocked, Parole, without his name and deeds, would have been passed by, and even when identified nine men out of ten, guided by appearance, would rather have laid against him than have backed him. After the race came the revolution, and now arises the question whether we have not more to learn from the Americans in racing than they have already taught us. Don't let us disguise the fact, for nothing is to be gained by it, that in rowing, running, trotting, shooting, yachting and racing America more than holds her own with us. I am perfectly aware that this view of sport, as it exists in England, will be unpalatable to many, but facts are facts, and to palliate them would serve no good purpose. To remedy the defect is the matter to be studied, take our beatings kindly, and, while allowing that we have been vanquished on our merits, by everything that is fair and above board to endeavor to atone for reverses. I particularly desire to state that England as a sporting nation is not what flatterers and belief in self would make her. The people are as fond of sport of every kind as ever, and would back an any attempt to retain the position the old country is entitled to; but we get pegged back so decisively ever and again as to show that there is something rotten here, as well as in the 'State of Denmark.' Give us, then, the good old rough, ready and independent business; do not let us believe in fashion in breeding so much as we have done; do away with knick-knack and 'namby-pamby,' and so learn the lesson that a 'horse is a horse,' a 'man a man' and a 'spade a spade.' This brings me back to Parole, who may be fairly described as a race-horse in the rough, and yet is able to come out, as did David with a sling and stone, and slay our Goliaths. When Mr. Sanford brought his team here, and, with the exception of Brown Prince, who went amiss, they could do next to nothing, we hugged ourselves with the idea that in the matter of race horses we were still well to the fore. Kisber, a Hungarian bred horse, had, however, previously ruffled our feathers, and the French have time after time knocked holes into us. Now the Americans have completed the defeat, and yet we have been 'kidding' to each other that our thoroughbreds are marvels. The sooner we permit ourselves to be disillusionized the better, and allow fresh ideas on racing and breeding to receive consideration. Do not let it be understood that I write 'thusly' in a grumbling spirit. On the contrary, I heartily congratulate Mr. Lorillard on the success with which his pluck and enterprise have been rewarded. I simply write in this strain on the principle that those are our best friends who are not afraid of telling us truths."

THE EPSOM GOLD CUP.—Parole's next engagement is at Epsom, on May 30, for the Epsom gold cup, which is run over the Derby course a mile and a half, when he will meet some of the best horses in England, including Lord Roseberry's Touchet; Count Lagrange's Clementine and Insulare; Lord Hartington's Belphœbe; the Duke of Hamilton's Greenback; Mr. Gretton's Isonomy and some dozen others. Some of the English authorities assume that Parole will win this race, as he will receive an allowance of ten pounds as a foreign-bred horse, which, with his three pounds' allowance as a gelding, will bring his weight down to one hundred and twenty-five pounds. After Epsom comes Ascot, where Parole will run in the Ascot stakes. The *London Sportsman* makes the following comments on Parole's appearance: "Like his sire, Parole is a brown, but not so big or so lengthy. He is not a large boned horse, but true in his formation, and wiry looking on the very best of legs and feet. He still wears a lot of his Winter coat, and I do not think we saw him at his best, for he only came over in the Autumn, and as yet the sun has scarcely shone on his jacket, which he will shed off when he gallops on the Spring daisies. Then we shall see him a handsome, blood like and thoroughly sound horse. I have said that he has the 'best of legs and feet,' for although his hocks show the remains of curb they are as hard and callous as the flint of a Waterloo musket, and being six years old, practical horsemen need not be told that he is not now likely to give way from this cause. Parole is certainly not an equine 'dandy,' because he wears a ragged coat. From this cause many a good horse has been condemned as mean looking and out of condition at this period of the year. Heavy clothes, warm stables and linseed, or other mashes well known to horsemen, will materially hasten the changing of a horse's coat, but by this process there is more risk of the animal taking cold than by leaving him to the more tardy and safer treatment ordained by 'Dame Nature.' I believe that not only Parole, but all the other American horses in training here and at home, stand uncovered night and day in their stables, and their clothing at exercise appears lighter than the majority of English trained studs."

PRESENTATION.—A very pleasing incident of the conclusion of the week's races was the presentation by Gen. W. H. Jackson, on behalf of a large number of patrons of the turf and personal friends, of an elegant silver service to the president of the Nashville Blood-Horse Association. Gen. Jackson said the highly agreeable duty had devolved upon him to present to the president of the Association the silver service as, a chaste token of the high appreciation and esteem of the donors for those qualities which so well fitted him for the faithful discharge of the duties of chief officer of the association. He said a long line of prominent men, such as Old Hickory and the fathers of the association's president and vice-president, had fostered and encouraged the manly and legitimate sport of turf-racing. It was a peculiar pleasure for the donors through him to do such honor to an officer distinguished for his fairness and impartiality. Capt. Franklin responded in a few appropriate words, and asked to be spared the pain of making a speech, as he was not a speech-maker; but he thanked the donors for the beautiful gift and the motive which prompted it. The service is of solid silver, beautifully mounted and exquisitely engraved. The spectators evinced their approbation of the tribute to the worth of the president in three hearty cheers. —*Nashville American.*

TROTTING AT SACRAMENTO, CAL.—The special purses offered by Agricultural Park, Sacramento, Cal., on April 29, brought out good, but the attendance was light. The first race was a match running race, for $100 a side, between the bay horse Raven, owned by Thomas Jones, and Dick Allen's bay filly, by Longfellow, a half mile dash. Raven was the favorite in the pools at $10 to $6. The favorite won easily in 50¼ sec. The attraction of the afternoon's sport was the trot for a purse of $800. The entries were the noted grey gelding, Col. Lewis, bay gelding, Doty and bay mare, Adelaide. Col. Lewis was handicapped to a wagon, distance was waived, catch weights. Col. Lewis was the favorite and won the race in straight heats easily. Time, 2:24½, 2:24¼, 2:24. After the first heat Sweetzer was speeded a mile by John Splan in 2:22¼. Rarus was to be shown, but his lameness prevented an exhibition. The Splan stable, consisting of Rarus, Sweetzer, Adelaide, Col. Lewis, Brigadier and a green one, were preparing to come East, and were engaged to trot at Salt Lake and Denver, en route about May 15 to 20.

KINDRED EVILS.—It is well known that a relationship exists between piles, constipation, kidney diseases and liver troubles. In Kidney-Wort we have a remedy that acts on the general system and restores health by gently aiding nature's internal processes. Druggists keep it. —(Advt).

BARRING PROTEINE.—The barring of this mare from the 2:18 class in the big circuit has brought out a formal protest by her owners. They claim to have in their possession a letter from a gentlemen in Cleveland, in which he says that he saw Wm. Edwards, president of the Cleveland association, and was informed by that gentleman that the mare was barred because several parties having horses to enter in that class announced that they would not enter unless the mare was barred. It seems to them but too plain that the parties who refused to enter unless Proteine was barred, and who managed this affair, cannot be anything else but conspirators, who know too well that Proteine would always be driven to win if she could; and, in order to have everything their own way, they adopted this plan to get the mare out of the race.

THE WESTERN FALL CIRCUIT.—After considerable debate the managers of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Kansas City and St. Louis Associations, have arranged a Fall trotting circuit, the money to be offered in premiums aggregating $55,000. The dates arranged for each meeting will be as follows: Milwaukee, Aug. 26 to 29; Minneapolis, Sept. 2 to 5; Chicago, Sept. 9 to 12; Kansas City, Sept. 16 to 19 and St. Louis, Sept. 23 to 26.

ANOTHER ENGAGEMENT FOR UNCAS.—The list of engagements of Mr. Pierre Lorillard's bay colt Uncas, three years old, by Lexington, dam Coral, by Vandal, has been added to by his being entered for the July Cup at Newmarket. This event will be run on Wednesday, July 2 next, and is worth 300 sovs. by subscription of 10 sovs. each, with 200 sovs. added. The weight is for age, and has 16 subscribers; among the number are Jeanette and Silvio.

GREAT EASTERN.—Charley Green has driven his bay gelding Great Eastern a quarter, recently, in 33½ sec., and will match him forthwith for $1,000 to $1,500 a side to trot the last week in June at Prospect Park, L. I., against any trotting horse in the world, any kind of race.

Rifle.

LAKE VIEW, ILL.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Lake View Rifle Club had their regular weekly practice to-day; 200 yards, off-hand. The scores were a little off on account of wind, which was very gusty from 2 o'clock. There was present quite a number of visitors, who took part in the shooting and made some good scores, of which no record was kept. The following is the score.

Charles Catlin	5 5 4 5 5 5 4 5 5 3—46
H. C. Bradley	5 4 5 4 4 4 5 4 4 4—43
F. A. Colehour	4 4 5 4 5 4 4 4 5 4—43
John Macauley	4 4 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 4—42
Fred Henrotin	4 5 5 4 4 5 4 4 3 4—42
John McConnell	4 4 3 5 4 4 3 4 5 4—40
Wm. Burns	5 3 4 4 4 5 4 3 3 4—39
E. P. Chatfield	4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 3 3—39
J. E. Tilt	4 3 4 4 2 4 4 5 4 4—38
Wm. L. Young, Jr.	3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—37

The competition for the cup presented by Mr. Tilt will be competed for Saturday, the 24th May, at which a lively time is anticipated, as the Thomas Post Club are included, and there are some fine shots in this club, but our boys intend giving them some good lively work if they capture it, which it is very likely they may do. BRAD.

NORTHWESTERN RIFLE RANGE.—Chicago, Ills.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—At the weekly practice of Geo. H. Thomas' Rifle Club there was a slim attendance, but no contest for supremacy badge. The occasion was made pleasant by the presence of a small delegation of Company B, First Regiment, I. N. G., under command of Capt. Bowler. The scores made by them convince our boys that the members of Co. B will rank with the best shots in the regiment ere long, as the white disk was shown frequently. I should give these scores, but they modestly objected. The following was score of Thomas Post Club; distance 200 yards, offhand, no hip rests. Wind strong and fitful from 1 o'clock.

Chenoweth	4 4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 5—43
Tyrrel	4 4 5 4 3 5 5 4 4 5—43
Borcherdt	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 5 4—42
Drury	5 5 4 4 3 4 5 4 4 4—42
Goodrich	4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—41

CHY.

NORTHWESTERN RIFLE RANGE.—Chicago, Ills.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—There was a slim attendance at the weekly practice to-day of the members of the Geo. H. Thomas Rifle Club. Weather rainy and cloudy, with stiff wind from 3 o'clock. The following score was made, Tyrrel winning badge with score of 45. Distance 200 yards, offhand.

Tyrrell	5 4 5 5 4 4 4 4 5 5—45
Freeman, I. A.	5 5 4 4 4 5 5 4 4 5—45
Borcherdt	4 4 5 4 5 4 5 4 4 5—44
Gurney	4 4 4 4 5 4 5 4 4 5—43
Hobbs	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 3 5 5—42
Freeman, D. B.	5 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 4—41

CHY.

COLUSA, CAL.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Our club had a practice shoot at 200 yards.

M. C. Totten	5 5 4 5 5 4 4 3 4 5—44
Doctor Belton	4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4 4 5—42
E. W. Cameron	5 4 4 4 5 3 5 5 4 3—42
J. L. Howard	3 4 4 4 4 4 5 4 5 4—41
T. J. Coleman	4 4 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 4—41
B. F. Wescott	4 3 4 4 4 5 4 4 4 5—41
Doctor Robinson	4 3 5 4 4 5 5 4 4 4—41
J. B. DeJarnatt	3 3 4 4 4 4 4 4 4 3—37

COLUSAN.

HAVERHILL, MASS.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Owing to the strong wind, the weekly shoot of the Washington Rifle Club at Riverside Park was not as vigorous as usual.

Willey	3 3 4 4 3 4 4 5 4 4—38
Pillbury	3 4 4 3 2 3 4 4 4 3—34
Abbott	3 3 4 4 3 3 3 3 3 3—32
Kimball	4 3 4 2 0 3 2 4 3 3—28
Foss	3 3 2 5 0 3 0 3 3 3—25

RIFLE.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The celebrated physician, Dr. Paul Memeyer, gives the following suggestions to persons suffering from long affections: "The patient must with scrupulous conscientiousness insist upon breathing fresh, pure air, and must remember that the air of *closed* rooms is always more or less bad. * * * No man, however uncleanly, would drink muddy, dirty water. A party which occupies a room for hours, breathing the same air, might be compared to a party of bathers drinking the water in which they bathe. The patient must keep the window of his bedroom open. Night air is fresh air without daylight. In close, crowded rooms, the patient suffering from lung complaints breathes consumptively." By taking these precautions and using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets, fully one-half of the cases of lung complaints would be cured in six months. For cough and irritation of the lungs do not always indicate the presence of consumption although it may result in that disease, and if consumption has already become deeply seated in the system, this is the most efficient course of treatment that can be pursued outside of any institution that provides special facilities for the treatment of this disease. Dr. Pierce's celebrated Invalids' Hotel is such an institution. Send stamp for descriptive pamphlet containing also a complete treatise upon consdmption, explaining its causes, nature, and the best methods of treating it, together with valuable hints concerning diet, clothin, exercise, etc., for consumptives. Address Faculty of Invalids' and Tourists' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y.—(Advt.)

FROM THE HUB.—There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possess as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.*—(Advt).

A GENTLE REMEDY.—The action of Kidney-Wort on the torpid liver, unhealthy skin, weak bladder and enfeebled stomach is gentle and constitutional. It cures acute lumbago, and piles, and soothes the distresses of indigestion. Cases of twelve years' standing have been perfectly cured. Your Druggists keep it.—(Advt).

BEWITCHING WORK.—There is a fascination in renewing all the ribbons, stockings, shawls and dresses in the house by the use of Leamon's Dyes, made by Wells Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. The colors are superb and of every shade. Druggists have them.—(Advt).

RED IRISH PUPPIES.—For sale five red Irish setter puppies—three bitches and two dogs—by Waller's Race, litter brother to champion Ben, out of owner's Fan, she by imported Don—Frick, imported by St. Louis Kennel Club. No better blood can be got. All are rich red. Address, JOHN D. OLCOTT, 109 Reed St., Milwaukee, Wis.—(Advt.)

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

Kennel.

Kennel Fixtures for 1879.

St. Louis Kennel Club show, St. Louis, Mo., October 7, 8, 9 and 10. Chas. Lincoln, Supt. C. H. Turner, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Tennessee State Sportsmen's Association's field trials, Nashville, Dec. 1, H. C. Prichitt, Sec'y.

National American Kennel Club's field trials, Nov. — J. W. Munson, St. Louis, Mo., Sec'y.

FOREIGN DOG SHOWS.

Alexandra Palace dog show, July 2 to 7. G. Lowe, Sec'y.

Birmingham (England) Aug. 12 to 15. Sec. Mr. J. B. Lythall.

THE FIELD TRIAL DERBY.

First and Second Prizes Won by Pointers; the Third by a Setter.

[Special cable dispatch from our Special Representative.]

LONDON, ENG., May 10.

On my arrival I found the Field Trial Derby, which was to have been run April 30 and May 1, was postponed to May 7, 8, and 9. In consequence of the backwardness of the season, the growth of cover had been much retarded. The entries closed with one hundred and twenty-one pointer and setter puppies. The first prize, £50, was won by Mr. Lloyd Price's lemon and white dog puppy, Luck of Edenhall, whelped March 10, 1878, by champion Drake, out of Sir Richard Musgrove's Sal. Second prize, £25, was won by Mr. Barclay Field's liver and white pointer bitch Sal, whelped Feb. 20, 1878, by Riot out of Reine. Third prize, £5, was won by Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's lemon and white setter bitch Countess Rose, whelped July 1, 1878, by Count Wind'em, out of Norna.

JOSEPH H. DEW.

(From our Special Reporter.)

The Boston Show.

BOSTON, MASS.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Following up the Spring circuit of bench shows, I found myself, on Tuesday last, at early morning, wending my solitary way past the celebrated Common. Like Macaulay's historic wayfarer sitting alone upon the ruins of London was I, so far as my loneliness was concerned; amidst a moving throng I was yet by myself. Preserving my incognito, I was of course a mystery to all. I heard ever, on my journey hither, the vexed question asked, but only to remain unanswered: "Who is this pestilent Gothamite to whom the secrets of our shows appear to be revealed, yet who to us is the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan?" Not once did I hear, amid all the speculation, a correct guess as to my identity. I am the riddle of the Sphynx in a modern age. As with the original, it may be at a future time answered, but as yet it only argues ignorance when individuals guess, or seek to depend upon a surmise for a solution as to my personality.

THE SHOW.

There must be some attraction other than a love of pecuniary gain which has drawn the best dogs of the country to this city. Never at any previous exhibition were so many of the prominent kennels represented. We may mention, among others, L. H. Smith's, of Strathroy, who, in his entries—Leicester, Paris, Pearl and Dart—had four dogs which were worth alone a journey to Boston, to inspect. No way inferior to these was the exhibit of the Harvard Kennel Club—Drake, Dash III., Hamlet and Countess II., were an exhibition in themselves. In Irish setters, the Baltimore Kennel Club showed Derg and Doll. John Fottler, Jr., one of the most energetic members of the Massachusetts Kennel Club, and its president, showed, but not for competition, Berkely; and Dr. Wm. Jarvis also showed his grand dog Elcho, on same terms as did Mr. Fottler. Lincoln and Hillyar in this class had Arlington (late Bess) and Flora. The Toledo Kennel Club had the pick of their Gordons present in Grouse and Judge. In pointers, the St. Louis Kennel Club show alone would have made a successful exhibition by their showing—Faust, Bow, Zeal and Clytie. Edmund Orgill had Rush and Rose and Ruby, not a jot behind the St. Louis Kennel's dogs, as shown by the division of awards. The purely native dogs was a show to be remembered by all. Never was seen so much of quality, so much of an attempt to attain prominence by complying with the demands of a standard type than here. It was a revelation not only to myself but to all those who know what is demanded in each class Awards were received in the best of heart, the vanquished submitting generously. To show the kindly feeling shown, I will mention that I saw the judges stopped during an intermission in the judging, by a young man, as they passed his dog's stall, who inquired: "Gentlemen, will you please tell me where my dog is faulty. I wish to breed, and to breed successfully, and so want to learn where my dog is wrong, so that I can if possible breed out these erroneous points." His request was complied with, and he was answered in the kindest manner, and so became a hot, steadfast friend of both the kennel club and the judges. Can we wonder then at the club's success? It is such things as this I mention, veriest trifles in themselves, yet by the doing stringing men together with bonds tighter than gyves of steel. So to the show, it was a success at all and every point, in its dogs, in its visitors, and in the

JUDGING.

Heretofore the judging of the awards at every exhibition we have attended has been done in the most desultory style. So much has the bias of each judge's mind influenced his decisions, that breeders have had as yet no reliable type to breed up to. Where the decisions of judges at one bench show have been completely ignored at the next, it has made "confusion worse confounded." Yet the trouble is that the winners at both places are certain that they each have the correct type, and will breed to that form, no matter how erroneous it may be. At Philadelphia, last month, the first attempt was made, in my mind, to judge according to the standards demanded in the different classes. As that show was better in its judges than at any show before, by so much better has been the action of the judges here. The gentlemen acting for the Massachusetts Kennel Club are men of position, and what is more necessary than that in this position is the fact that they knew the requirements of the standard; and knowing that, have, in all instances, insisted upon a dog being, in form and points, up to that standard. Hence a good type having been for once demanded, we trust in future shows to see this followed up, when our breeders will know what is required of them, and breed accordingly. I have not, in all instances, agreed with them, but the difference has been an honest one, and below will be seen the points in which we differ. It may seem like egotism for your correspondent to criticise the awards, but the mere fact of a journal like the CHICAGO FIELD having chosen me to represent it at the "circuit" should establish for me the right of my opinions. These differences are few, and like the Moor of Venice, upon the supposed discovery of Desdemona's perfidy, I fear me I can say, "my occupation's gone." For where decisions are almost universally correct the critic is not needed. I have said in the earlier part of this writing that the dogs were a grand lot all through, and having neglected them already long enough, I will take a fresh start with the

CHAMPION ENGLISH SETTER DOGS,

three entries, of which P. H. Morris' Lark was absent. L. H. Smith, of Strathroy, showed a grand brace in his Paris and Leicester. I know that although competition was only between the two, yet they would have won in almost any company. Paris was declared the winner. I had one fault to find, neither of the dogs was high enough in flesh. We may talk as we will about fat not making a dog, yet the fact remains that a certain amount of it is necessary to make a perfect condition for show purposes. Mr. Smith's brace was too thin, and Leicester, especially, showed ragged at the hips solely from want of flesh. It detracted from his appearance, when such detraction was not necessary. In bitches, Dart, belonging to the same gentleman, won first. She is a medium sized bitch of the true Field Trial coloring, black and white, the white very much ticked.

IMPORTED ENGLISH SETTER DOGS, OR THEIR FIRST DESCENDANTS.

This was a grand class, and in its quality never surpassed in this country. I fancied at the Quaker City was a good display, and it was so, but here was a better one. The well-known champion field trial winner Drake was shown, but not for competition. Penn, entry number fourteen, was not shown. The steamer on which he is coming is overdue and hence his absence; he is said to be a hot one either on the bench or in the field. The total number of entries was fourteen without Drake. Competition for first was narrowed down to Dash III.—winner of first at Philadelphia—and the Coin, of John E. Long. The two dogs are of such different types that a placing of the best was a difficult task. Dash is a compact, sturdy, blockily built dog, while Coin is a rangy, slightly leggy, open-built animal. Many fancied Coin away ahead of Dash. To those liking the Field Trial stamp Coin was a hot favorite, and to those thinking the Laverack stock the best, of course, hurrah! for Dash. I have no fault to find with either, but confess that the hawed eye of Coin would have placed him second, which position was given him after long discussion and much tape measuring. Royal Duke came in for V.H.C, there being no third prize. He is a dog of the same style as Coin, but with bright tan-spotted jaws. Here is one of the instances in which I disagreed with the judging. I fancied Hamlet for the position infinitely more than I did Royal Duke, and cannot but think that the ownership of the Harvard Kennel Club was against him, as they had already captured first in this class. He was given an H.C. Lelaps, another capital dog, belonging to Franklin Sumner, of Milton, Mass., was given an H.C. Both he and Hamlet can win a first in almost any company. Warwick was well up to the winners and got deservedly a C. He is by Leicester *ex* Petrel. In bitches of this class, twenty entries. A few absentees of which the most missed were the entries of John C. Higgins, of Delaware City, the gentleman who was so successful at Philadelphia. I regretted the absence of his dogs, as it would have made the fight here a still hotter one. First went as I supposed to Countess II., belonging to the Harvard Kennel Club. If your readers will remember I spoke of this bitch as having deserved a first at Philadelphia, although only placed second. Here she received only what she deserved. Second went to the Ollie of H. W. Gause, Wilmington, Del.; a rather niceish bitch of tri-colored markings, and litter sister to champion Gladstone. I fancied Pearl, a medium-sized bitch, belonging to L. H. Smith, as much as first, and infinitely more than second. She is a black eared, spot around eye, white, very much ticked bitch, of capital form; her head is lovely, and her ears well hung, in fact, I thought her as good a one as was shown—A 1 all over. Belle, belonging to the owner of Ollie, was given a V.H.C. Rose, the dam of Coin, another good one, owned by J. N. Dodge, of Detroit, got an H.C. I have her marked in my minutes as a little too short in nose, but good enough to make it hot for any company she is in. She got an H.C., as also did Vesper, whose only merit that I could discover was her coat. It was the grandest in itself and its condition I have ever seen, but she was "lathy" in shape to a degree. C., went to Gipsy Girl, a young thing of thirteen months, but a fair looking one in both style and shape. Puppies of this class, but one prize, which went to the tri-colored Nix of Waldo E. Sessions, of Worcester, this state. This was one of the instances in which I totally disagreed with the gentlemen judging, Nix had a tail so curved in its scimetar-shape, and that scimetar a bent one, for she had a twist to the right at the end of it, that should have disqualified her in worse company. I should have rejected her for that alone, for it is a fault that descends from one generation to another. Personally I fancied for first Gladstone II., a black, white and tan, who, both in form and looks was of more than average merit.

NATIVE ENGLISH DOGS.

Forty-one entries and hardly an inferior one in the lot. Where all were so good, the judges had no little labor to locate the awards. First was given to Edmund Orgill's Ray. This is the animal I spoke of at New York in my first letter as being exceedingly meritorious. While only getting a ribbon at the Empire City, he went to the front at the Quaker City, capturing first. That award has been endorsed by the judges here, who again placed him in the same position. I have given a full description of him in my other communications, so shall add nothing here. Second went to tri-colored Fred belonging to Avery W. Gore, of this city. His head was the best part of him, as he was not up, back of that, to the quality I should like. Daniel Webster got a V.H.C., he is a dog of much more than average merit, of good size, good color, good headed, in fact good all through. His fault, want of flesh, which gave him a drawn look, he should not have had. However, I liked him more than the winnner of first. H.C. went to Grouse, a fine-sized orange and white, whom I had marked before the judging as A 1. So he deserved what he got. C. went to Jocko, a fair—but no more than fair—orange and white dog, owned by Edward King, of Taunton, Mass. I did not fancy him so well as some others, among them Rex, entry number 52, belonging to Charles W. Copeland. He was an A 1 dog having a good head, good legs, and fair form; if any fault a trifle long in body. S. T. Hammond's orange and white Put—of the stock so famed for field performance in Massachusetts as the Ethan Allen strain—was, though not a show dog, of thoroughly good shape, beautifully fringed and feathered, and with a magnificent frill. In form he was muscled like a giant, though a little one. Still another good one was the orange and white Fred belonging to Andrew S. Mitchell, of Haverhill, Mass. Good in body, good head and fair behind, he is worthy of the notice given. Isaac W. Thrasher's orange and white Dash was one of the finest beaded, finest-coated dogs in this class. Dan—formerly Sam—owned by D. F. Wilbur, of Brooklyn, New York, was a large fine dog, of good shape and body, but with faulty ears. The class was so thoroughly good a one, that it is hard to particularize, without doing injustice to those unmentioned. Bitches were to the full so good in this class as the dogs. Twenty-one entries and hard indeed to pick the winner. First went to Mell a fine blue bitch by Jack *ex* Spot and owned by L. F. Whitman, of Detroit. At the show at that city she won as here a first. I have no fault to find, she was the best in a crowd of good ones. Second went to Abbey, an orange and white bitch, of, I thought, but fair form, and inferior to one or two I mention below. First, Meg a black and white ticked of medium size at a glance, but upon examination, turns out a rattler in form, style and muscle. She is owned by Samuel Scranton, of Olneyville, Rhode Island. Her half brother is said to be the best dog in that state as a field dog. V.H.C. given to Homer B. Richmond's Bessie, a capital little black and white ticked bitch, and better than Abbey decidedly. H C. to Robert Elliot's Fanny, another good one. C. to orange and white Freeze, a fair little bitch, no better than a dozen others of this class. In puppies first went to Beacon, an orange and white, of fair form, but to "Gothamite's" taste, every way inferior to A. W. Gore's black, tan and white ticked Gipsy who only captured a C. No V.H.C in this class. H.C. to Gause's lemon and white Blast, a nine months old of beautiful head and ears. I liked her or Gipsy better for first position, than the one to whom it was awarded. M. K. Cowing, Jr.,'s Geneva was not well up in front, but her hips, stifles and thighs were near perfection. She must be, with such propelling power a rapid one in the field. One thing in this connection I would mention. Ribbons of commendation were not emptied out of a basket, to solace disappointed exhibitors, but V.H.C. was equivalent to a third prize, while one or two letters before the giving was fairly earned. As a general rule, ribbons heretofore have meant nothing but comfort to the afflicted, here they were worth the getting.

CHAMPION IRISH DOGS.

Five entries, two not for competition, leaving Waller's Race, Ogilvie's Ben and Callender's Rory O'Moore competing. Ogilvie of Des Moines, Iowa, went to the front with Ben. There was but little to choose between Ben and Race—in fact they are litter brothers. Ben has the better head, while Race the better body, and the head got it, as was proper. As a team, I doubt if their equal, as a brace of Irish setters, is to be found in this or even any other country. Rory O'Moore, a good dog, and winner often, being by Rufus *ex* Friend, I fancy was in the hottest company he ever dropped in, and was out of the race from the start. In bitches, four entries, and first a real walk over for the winner, Gause's Fire Fly, a well put-together bitch, of typical form and grand color. I fancy that color, though counting but five, does in reality at bench shows seem to be worth twenty-five.

IMPORTED IRISH DOGS AND THEIR FIRST DESCENDANTS.

Sixteen entries, and scarce an inferior one in the sixteen. First, as was expected, went to the Baltimore Kennel Club's Derg, who won the first both at Westminster and Philadelphia. He is a good dog, undeniably, of good body, grand color, but with a bad head. It is too heavy, both in breadth of ears and clumsiness of muzzle, a head too decidedly Gordonish in appearance to suit me. Second went to Don, belonging to Gause of Wilmington. By the way, this gentleman will have to get a safe for his winnings; he comes to the front so often. Don is a more than good dog every way. W. Tallman's Pat, a dog too heavy in build of both body and head, took V.H.C. His color was magnificent. H.C. went to Stoddard's Bob. I know he must have had merit or he would not have gotten his ribbon, but in my minutes he is unnoticed. C. went to Elcho III., a young dog that I fancied amazingly. In bitches of this blood, not so good a class as the dogs. Seven entries, and of this number two absentees. First went to Flora, belonging to Lincoln and Hellyar, of Warren, Mass. Though small, in fact undersized, she is fine as silk, is of dark, red color, with a white spot on breast, and a coat like silk. Mind you, my most worthy Mohawk, personally, I do not fancy this English coat for an Irish setter, but Fashion has demanded it, and *it wins*. Second went to the Toledo Kennel Club's Doll, larger in size than Flora, and a good fair bitch. V.HC. to Ruby, belonging to Captain A. L. Emerson, who had also several eight months old whelps, *ex* this bitch by Macdona's Rover, which dog attracted so much attention at the Westminster show of 1876. H.C. to Stoddard's Friend, and C. to Kelpie, a little bitch far too fat for true show condition. In puppies of this blood nine entries, and four of them so good that any one of the four could have worthily gotten the only award. This was given to Joseph L. Lock's Dash Elcho, a good fine whelp by Elcho *ex* Rose, and he deserved all that he won.

NATIVE IRISH SETTER DOGS.

Here again a hot class of fourteen entries. First went to Arlington, lately purchased by Messrs. Lincoln and Hellyar, from Hobart, of Newark, N. J., by whom he was called Boss. He is a good dog of true form, but not of so deep color as seems to be demanded. Second to the Cole of Everett Smith, of Portland—a good, fair animal, but I thought nothing beyond that. H.C. was given to a capital red dog called Don, owned by A. L. Tribble, Plymouth, Mass., and V.H.C. to one I fancied not near so well, the Frank of Thomas M. Marshal, Jr, Cambridge, this state. No C. given. In bitches, only seven entries, and first given to the Baltimore Kennel Club's Flirt. She is well up to the standard and decidedly the best in her class. Second to Cora II., same owner as Cole mentioned above. V.H.C., the only other award made, was captured by Kate, a nice red bitch by Saltus' Dash *ex* his Bess, and exhibited by H. B. Plumer, of this city. Puppies under a year old only five entries, and first went really without a contest to the Florence II., of the Baltimore Kennel Club. She is by Elcho *ex* Florence, and I predict she will be heard from again at future shows. Only one prize in puppies.

CHAMPION GORDON SETTER DOGS.

But two entries and a close contest between Charles M. Pond's Trump, of Hartford, Connecticut, and the Goldsmith Kennel Club's Rupert. This award I did not coincide in. In my remarks regarding the $500 prize below, where Grouse is entered, your readers will see the reasons for my placing Trump ahead. Rupert was faulty in the same point as Grouse. It saves repetition or I would give it here. Trump was the better dog. In champion bitches only two entries, and first went as it should have done to S. W. Rodman's Nellie, of this city, a real good one.

OPEN CLASS—NATIVE AND IMPORTED.

Seventeen entries. For first not much of a contest, as first went to Grouse, who is one of the grandest headed and shouldered dogs of this type ever shown. He is square as a block, both in head proper and in muzzle; his ears are long, wavy in their hair, well put on, and of good leather—at their ends thin as a wafer; altogether, save his hind quarters, the best dog of this strain we have ever seen save Copeland's old Shot. Second went to Duke of the East, a more than fair dog. V.H.C. went to Charles F. Brownell's Dash. There was but little difference between him and his kennel companion Duke, whom we had marked in our minutes as equally good, and saw no reason to change our marking when they came in the ring to be judged. H.C. went to W. H. Leighton's black white and tan Dash, whom I fancied less than the Sam of Arthur C. Mudge, of this city who only got the single letter. Bitches, a good class of eleven

entries. These were more than a good lot taken together, and again I have no doubt the judges were puzzled where to locate the awards after first had been given. This went to the pure black and tan Bess of Lawrence Curtis of this city. Mr. Curtis has got a remarkably good bitch, far ahead even of the company she was in. Second award I did not fancy. It went to Pansy, a bitch of good color, but with an Irish head. Kinsley's Bessie B., H.C., I thought a better bitch, most certainly a better one to breed from, as breeders are now wandering off to narrow heads, instead of sticking closely to the broad skulled, broad muzzled true typical Gordon. C. went to Dinah, a good fair bitch, owned by Frank B. Fay, of this city. Puppies, ten entries, and two of the number absent. First went to Tom, a good but only fairly so whelp, belonging to E. L. Dorr, of Chestnut Hills, this state. I liked as well for the position Nimrod, a capital eight months' old whelp owned by M. G. Chapman, of Central Falls, R. I.

CHAMPION POINTER DOGS.

Three entries—Bow, Sefton and Rush; all so well known to your readers as to need no mention further than the giving of their names. First went to St. Louis Kennel Club's Bow, a fine sized, grandly shaped dog, whose only faults are a short nose, and a hawed eye. His head, with these exceptions, is perfect, and from his head out he is so good as that. In bitches—champions—four entries, and three of them just as good as any three the country can produce. Competition was between the Rose of Edmund Orgill and the Clytie of the St. Louis Kennel Club. Both lemon and white, and both so good as to be little choice between them. Personally, I liked Rose, and all through the time of judging marked her a winner, which in the end she proved, being chosen for first over Clytie. Fan, who won first at Westminster, though a good bitch, can never compete successfully against a lemon and white in color, even if she were as good.

LARGE POINTERS—OPEN CLASS.

This class was not really a good one all through, while containing a few extra good animals, some fair, the balance ragged and uneven. Faust, the late importation of the St. Louis Kennel Club, had a walk over for first position. He has but one real fault, that is throatiness. His head I do not like so well as Bow's, but he is truly a grand dog for his size, which is of the largest. I at your request, visited the steamer when he arrived at New York, and reported his arrival to you, and must confess I cannot see how the St. Louis Kennel Club accomplished the feat of getting him in such condition in so short a time. He was then fat as a hog, and covered with mange. This was some three weeks ago. To-day his skin is clean, his hair is velvety, the flesh is off, and he looks a race horse. Rex who got first at Westminster was placed second here. This was an award I did not like, as he, though with good points, is so faulty at others, that he should never win in good company. We liked this award less than any given. No V.H.C. in this class, and but one H.C. and one C. The former to King, a liver and white much ticked dog owned by M. G. Fuller, of Worcester, the latter to Rake II., a fair proportioned orange and white dog owned by J. W. Coffin, of Providence, Rhode Island. Before any of these after first, I liked Leo, a liver and white ticked large sized but not coarse dog, owned by Geo. F. Davenport, of this city. Bitches eight entries, of which the black Princess, of Geo. G. Barker, captured first. While not deserving the high quality both of form and look of this bitch, I could not but think the award an error. Princess, I should fancy, was due to whelp in about ten days, and I contend it was unjust to other exhibitors to guess at her form as it truly is. As she was it was only conjecture at the best, and if in the opinion of the judges of this class none other was worthy, first should have been withheld. Maud, a very clever liver and white bitch was placed second, while a C. was given to Psyche II., belonging to Messrs. Fuller & Lyman, of Springfield, Mass.

SMALL POINTER DOGS.

Ten entries and a good in quality lot, too. First went after much discussion to Pete Jr., a two-year-old black dog, of capital appearance in the judging ring. He is a taking dog at all points save in first awards. His head is superior every way to his sire's, Strong's old Pete, while he has not the coarseness and never will grow to it, of the old dog. This award created considerable discussion but I cannot conscientiously say, that I would have given it otherwise. Second went to lemon and white Dash, a fair in form young dog of a year old, owned by A. M. Tufts, of Lynn, Mass. In small bitches eleven entries, and a hot class for any one to win first in. Considerable betting was indulged in as to the winner in this class, some fancying the St. Louis Kennel Club's Zeal, a fine but small liver and white bitch—lately imported—and Edmund Orgill's nearly all white bitch Ruby. I liked Zeal the best by odds, and my judgment was sustained by the judges, as they gave first to her. Second went to the orange and white Fly, belonging to James S. Burbank, of Diamond Hill, R. I. This award I could not understand. V.H.C. to Ruby, whom I thought after Zeal the best and should have got second. H.C. went to the Chrystal of H. S. Magraw, of Colora, Maryland, a white and orange bitch, only of fair form and with a jaw entirely too "piggy" for the bitch to have a good head. In this class no other award. Puppies only a fair lot, and first went to the best one decidedly, Lola—late Beauty—belonging to J. W. Coffin, Providence. She is a good bitch but too fine for my fancy. This closes the true sporting classes. I shall, with your permission, give but slight notice of the sporting class adjuncts such as spaniels and hounds, but little mention of the toys large and small, and give instead a somewhat lengthy description of the competition for the specials. These were one of the features of the show, and I fancy will prove of more interest to your readers than an extended description of the classes which I do not fully mention.

CHESAPEAKES

Only two entries, and neither first-class. This dog I fancy has not been long enough with us to establish a true type, and no two are ever seen near enough alike to make a real competition. Of the two present Rover, of a dead grass color when first tinged by frost, belonging to the Baltimore Kennel Club, took first over Mr. Laurence Curtis' Foam, who got second.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

Eight entries, with a good winner in imported Mack, entry No. 295, of Mr. D. D. Lawler, Mount Vernon, New York, second to Sport, owned by R. W. Waterman of Athol, this state. The rest only a fair exhibit.

RETRIEVING WATER SPANIELS OTHER THAN IRISH.

Six entries, and the best Sport, a really good dog belonging to S. M. Aldrich of Providence, R. I. He is a stocky, sturdy dog, short-legged, stout bodied, and with power enough in jaw and body to take even a swan a mile from shore and bring him in. Second went to Fuss, a good specimen of the strain, and a H.C., to entry 299, the all liver colored Tubby, belonging to R. W. Waterman of Athol, Mass. H.C. to W. S. Curtis' Jingo.

COCKER SPANIELS.

A little lot of but nine entries and not at all up in quality. First went to Gip, a fair, and only a fair dog, liver and white in color and owned by D. P. Bosworth, of New York City; second to Judy, of the same color, owned by Olin M. Drake, of Ellsworth, Maine. These spaniels were the only disappointment of the exhibition, for I had looked for a larger exhibit.

FIELD SPANIELS OF ANY OTHER BREED.

A Clumber was awarded first, a good dog, too, as I understand the strain, owned by Wm. M. Tileston, of New York City, a bright orange and white in color, weighing, I should think, all of thirty to forty pounds, heavily but silkily coated; he deserved what he got. I wish there more of them in the country. Second went to a little black fellow, who in all save color was a true cocker. Sprightly, bright and good-looking, I admired him exceedingly. These two I mention out, the balance of the class nothing.

FOX HOUNDS.

But eleven in number. This class should have been larger. New England contains yet so many foxes, owing to the wildness of her country, that it only needs a little stirring up of these hound owners by the members of the Massachusetts Kennel Club to ensure a good exhibition. They are generally men living in the small towns, who most probably have never as yet heard of a bench show. I feel assured that by calling their attention to the prizes to be obtained, that Boston can show in another year almost as good an exhibit in this class as did Philadelphia. The bulk of these shown here, were the heavily eared, deep flewed hound, so much in fashion years since, which dogs however are not speedy enough for the wants of the present time. Able to run for a week, and with the keenest of noses, they are not what the public wants. Neither do I think they are a true fox hound, for they show so many of the points of the blood-hound, that there must be a large admixture of that blood in them.

BEAGLE HOUNDS.

Only four entries, and not a particularly good one in the quartette. First was given to the best, the dog Rattler, a niceish black, tan and white, owned by Messrs. Dodge & Baker, Detroit, Michigan. Second to the same gentlemen's Bell, of same color as Rattler. Charm, owned by P. B. Bradley, was given an H.C., which I fancied should have been withheld.

Before entering upon a description of the toys proper, I will try and give a resume of the contests for the special prizes. These are really a system of consolation premiums, for the dogs that were in A are debarred from B. Winners in class B are shut out of C, and so on down the list.

Class A.—The Grand Prize of $500 cash.—This was one worth the winning, and twenty entries had been made for it. The beaten ones in open or champion classes of course could not compete, so when the time for judging came, the contest was narrowed down to, in setters, Dash III., Grouse, Paris, Ben and Derg; in pointers, St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust was the only representative. The competition between Dash III. and Paris, after long discussion, ended in the latter's being sent to the rear. It thus left an English setter, Dash III., a Gordon setter, Grouse, an Irish setter, Ben, for Derg, like Paris, had taken a back seat, and a pointer, Faust. Here the judges stopped. They said each was a grand specimen of his strain, and they, refusing to decide, called upon the exhibitors to divide the money in four parts of $125 each. Mr. Nesbitt, who represented the Harvard Kennel Club, refused at first to such divison, and I think in his place I should have done the same. Not an animal in the ring, though beating everything he had come in competition with, but showed a weak point, and hence in Mr. Nesbitt's place, as having the best of the lot, I would never have consented to a division of the money. Mr. Nesbitt hung out for a long while in the interests of Dash III., and like Byron's female, "vowing she would ne'er consent, consented." Thus the judges were released from an unpleasant predicament, the committee pleased, and each got a nice little plum of $125, so it turned out a happy family all round.

Class B.—For the Best Setter or Pointer, an Oil Painting by F. W. Rogers.—The four winning ones in Class A dropping out, let in some of the beaten ones in other classes. Hence we had in this, Paris, Countess II., Daniel Webster, Nell, Rory O'Moore, Coin and Fire Fly in setters, and in pointers St. Louis Kennel Club's Bow. Almost as much discussion was had over this award as was the case over the previous one. Paris finally won, and, I think, deservedly. Coin pushed him hard for the position, but after the points were fully discussed, Paris, by measurements, was placed first. Coin in another year will make a rattler for show purposes. He is immatured now, has not filled out as he should be to win in such company. Next season will tell a different tale. Mr. Long was offered the long figure of five hundred dollars for him but declined it, but afterwards sold him to Mr. H. L. Daggett, Jr., and a Mr. Smith for $600.

Class C.—For best native or imported English setter, $200 Parker gun. In each special it will be noticed competition was reduced by the winners of one dropping out in the next. So for this gun there only came forward four. Coin, Daniel Webster, Leicester and Ray. The discussion was apparently an exciting one over the merits and demerits of Coin and Leicester, the other two being out of the race from the start, that is according to the ideas of the judges. After a half hour's deliberation first was given to Coin, so Mr. Long got a prize worth the winning.

Class D.—For the best native or imported English setter bitch, 25 lbs. Falcon powder, Oriental Powder Co. The competitors turned out strong for this premium, more for the honor of victory I fancied, than for the value of the special. The list comprised Fly, Abbey, Dart and Belle, with the little native black bitch Smut. Dart is so fine, so nice a bitch, that after but little discussion she received first.

Class E.—For brace of best English setters, regardless of sex, pair of gold mounted pistols from Lovell & Sons. But two braces came to the front, Dash III., and Countess II. of the Harvard Kennel Club, and Paris and Leicester of L. H. Smith, of Strathroy. The award of best was given after but little debate to Dash III. and Countess II. This is one of the decisions I cannot at all agree with. Granting that Paris and Leicester had both been beaten in their classes, it was by but a hair. On the contrary Dash III. and Countess II. had each won. At first glance it would seem that they should win this special of course. It is not so, however. The award called for the best dogs *as a brace*, consequently in my humble judgment, there should have been similarity in form, size, and style. As a pair I will allow that Dash III. and Countess II. were the best. As a brace, they did not begin to be. A brace of setters, like a span of horses, must match to be a good team, hence I say Mr. Smith was entitled to this award. There should have been no discussion in regard to it.

Class F.—For best native or imported Irish setter dog, a Fox gun, American Arms Company. Three entries, Rory O'Moore, Derg and Race. Rory was all out of condition, and being in the best of company, too, stood not the slightest chance from the start. Derg was beaten by Race, a litter brother to Ben who won in champion class. As a brace Race, and Ben are more than fair dogs, and Mr. Waller had them in grand show condition. I could not understand why Messrs. Lincoln and Hellyar did not show up Arlington—late Hobert's Boss. He had just won in open class a first, and being a thoroughly good dog, I should have striven for this gun after entering for it. I fancy they are fearful of the Elcho blood in Race. The gentlemen were too timid by half.

Class G.—For the best native or imported Irish setter bitch, twenty-five pounds wild fowl powder, Oriental Powder Co. A good, strong lot of competitors. As I mentioned before, not the gunpowder were these gentlemen after, but it was a class virtually making of the winner champion of champions. The competing ones were Emerson's Ruby, Davis' Nelly, Moses' Fan, Stoddard's Friend, and Gause's Fire Fly. This made up so grand a lot, that the judges were an hour coming to a decision. They finally settled upon Fire Fly as the winner. She is a grand little bitch, and won also first in class 10, champion Irish bitches.

Class H.—For best brace of Irish setters, regardless of sex, ten volumes copy of Bancroft's History of the United States. Only one entry, Bob and Friend, belonging to E. F. Stoddard, Dayton, Ohio. This was a walk-over. I cannot imagine why some of the other owners of the Irish strain did not enter for this.

Class I.—For best Gordon setter dog, native or imported, an $100 Schoverling & Daly breech-loading gun. Only two competitors out of nine entries. These, the Dash of Chas. T. Brownell, of New Bedford, and the Rupert of the Goldsmith Kennel Club, Toledo, Ohio. As I wrote in the beginning of this, I did not fancy the winner, Rupert, at all for first in champion class, and liked him as little for first here. He is cat-hammed to a degree, and as this is one of the faults which is apt to be transmitted, I could not see in the dog a prize-winner. The judges thought differently and of course saw some things in which the dog was ahead of his rivals, and so gave him first.

Class J.—For best native or imported Gordon bitch, a set of A. Pope, Jr.,'s Upland Game Birds. Three entries, but only the Nellie of S. W. Rodman, of this city, present, and she consequently gained the "pewter" without an effort. The other two entries were the Bess and Bell of the Toledo Kennel Club, Toledo, Ohio. They are, however, still in England. They were purchased some time ago and should have been here long since. They were detained on the other side for a purpose which ran longer than was expected, and so have not yet started from there.

Class K.—For the best brace of Gordons, regardless of sex, a silver vase, value $75. Three braces entered, but only one brace shown, Grouse and Judge of the Toledo Kennel Club. Another walk-over, but by a good pair of good dogs. Grouse, while a grandly, perhaps I should say nearly a perfect-headed dog, and an A 1 up to the hips, is not so good behind as he might be, and though so fine in front, it should not cover his faults behind. Nevertheless, there being no contestants, it was right that they should get the special.

Class L.—For best pointer dog, A. W. & C. Scott's $150 breech-loading gun.—Originally nine entries, owing to the previous wins and "scares" the contest was narrowed down to three dogs, Rex, Bow and Pete Jr. As a matter of course, it was a walk-over for the St. Louis dog Bow. Neither Rex nor Pete Jr. had a ghost of a chance to win. Although personally I do not fancy so large dogs as Bow, I cannot but concede the extraordinary merits of both him and Faust.

Class M.—For the best small pointer bitch, a painting by F. W. Rogers, value $100.—Five entries but only two competing. The Ruby, of Edmund Orgill, and the Clytie, of the St. Louis Kennel Club. These were two elegant bitches, and it was only a toss-up between them for first position. The judges finally gave the special to Clytie. I cannot say that I agreed with them. While both were good, I fancied Ruby the best. Clytie's eyes are to my eyes defective, and with head and body so nearly equal, I could not but like Ruby the best, if only on account of her eyes.

Class N.—For best brace of pointers, regardless of sex, a set of thirty heliotype engravings, from Landseer's paintings. Seven braces entered, of which six competed for this special. To a lover of pointer blood, here was as fine a lot as was ever seen together, either here or in England. Those contesting were the Faust and Bow, of the St. Louis Kennel Club, both large sized, liver and white ticked dogs, noticeable animals in any and all company. Next came same owners' two bitches, Zeal, a liver and white, and Clytie, an orange and white, a beautifully formed, and high bred looking brace. Then two bitches belonging to G. W. Barker of Boston, Fan and Princess, both of fair size, black as night in color, and showing good show condition. Next the black Pete Jr., and the bitch Peg, half black, half white, the white much ticked, as good a brace as is often seen. Next, a pair of whelps, the Dash and Trump of A. M. Tufts, of Lynn, a more than good pair of youngsters, in fact an exceeding good brace, but in too good company to win. Last, but by no means, least, the Rose and Ruby, of Edmund Orgill, a brace of the finest nearly all white pointer bitches ever shown. If this was was not richness I have never seen it. No wonder the Massachusetts Kennel Club members feel proud of their exhibition. Right here was an exhibition of a dozen pointers, worth alone the trouble of going to Boston to see. Why, look at the character of the contestants for a moment. Bow, winner in champion class; Faust, winner of first in open class; Zeal, winner of first in open class for small pointer bitches; Clytie, winner of special in M for best small pointer bitch shown; Pete Jr., winner of first among the small pointer dogs; Fan, winner of first at Westminster, and Princess winner here. Tuft's brace, winner here of Special Class O. Rose, winner of first in champion pointer bitch class, and Ruby her equal in quality. What can be said regarding such a class as here entered for this special prize in class N. Adjectives fail; commendation, no matter how great, does not meet the case, and I can only say if I should write from now on for a month, I should not then do this class justice. Faust and Bow were awarded the prize.

Class O.—For best brace of whelps under eighteen months of age, a case of mounted, ornamental birds. But one entry for this special and that one by the giver of the prize. I heard this commented upon by several. If the gentleman was aware that there would be no competition it would have been a "case" of sharp practice. I fancy that it was all done in good faith. That he had no reason to suppose his brace would be the only ones entered, and was ready to compete with anything that might be shown. While I grant the gentleman's action was impolitic, I can see nothing wrong in it. He was, of course, awarded this special, or like classes H. and J. it was a walk-over.

Class P.—For best spaniel dog or bitch of any strain, one of Mole's patent glass ball traps. Three entries but with only two coming to the front. The black Charlie of W. H. Canterbury, this city, and the liver and tan colored Sport of T. M. Aldrich, of Providence, R. I. The black dog as true a cocker in shape and style as was ever seen. The latter evidently a retrieving spaniel. As between the two where each are equally good of their respective strains, beauty must decide and the special was given to the black Charlie.

This finished the list of specials in the sporting classes, and a handsomer and more valuable lot of prizes was never offered by any bench show in this country. With the regular awards and such a list of specials the Massachusetts Kennel Club cannot help coming to the front as the most liberal in its management of any kennel club of the country, and so shall, and must, eventually meet its reward.

I will now go back and take up the regular classes. I left off after mentioning the sporting dogs, to take up the "specials" in

which these dogs were "specially"—no pun intended—interested.

TOYS LARGE AND SMALL.

As was to be expected, these classes did not fill so well, either in quality or in numbers, as did the Westminster. Appealing for the support of sportsmen, the Boston Club was sustained by sportsmen, and the entries showed how these gentlemen had come forward from all parts of the country to lend a helping hand. From Topeka, Kansas, from St. Louis, Missouri, from Chicago, Illinois, from Toledo, Ohio, from Baltimore, in fact every leading kennel forwarded a number of dogs, while individuals did nobly in responding to the call of the club. Thus it was, that while the sporting classes were magnificent, the toys were not so large as at the exhibition in New York, where they were made and were *the* feature of the exhibition, and the sporting dogs were a secondary consideration.

THE JUDGING OF THE TOYS.

I regret to say that the judging of these classes gave as little satisfaction to exhibitors as did the judging at the Empire City. A judge may be a gentleman, yet by his ignorance as to the true type of a fox-terrier or a pug, be the very worst of judges. I am afraid that such was the case here.

FOX-TERRIERS.

A nice little lot of nineteen entries, and among them some capital little fellows. First was given most erroneously to entry No. 343, the Rattler of Thomas D. Burke, a nice shaped good dog, of good color, but blind or nearly so with cataract. The left eye was nearly if not quite covered with a film, while the right eye was not quite so bad. What would be said of the judge at a poultry show, who should award a first premium to a blind game cock? The cases are parallel. A better dog by odds was the same owner's Vixen. A trifle larger than Rattler, but a good one. I fancied Vixen had a little mangy spot on her flank, but I must be mistaken for with two "vets" who examined the animals it should have been impossible for such a skin to have passed their critical eyes. Second went to Deacon Rasper a good fair animal, fawn and white in color, the white much ticked. V.H.C. went to tan and white Turk whom I have entirely unmentioned in my minutes. H.C. was given to Prescott Lawrence's Nettle, of Groton, Mass., a nicely shaped white, black and tan which I have in my notes marked very good, as I have also the winner of the first C., the little tri-colored Paulo, belonging to the same owner as Nettle. I have noted as one of the best, the Minnie, a capital fawn and white bitch, belonging to the same owner as the winner. Entry number 347, fawn or deep orange and white Fort with a litter of four beautiful whelps, and Nini a tri-color with a lot of six youngsters running at her side. The first owned by Frank B. Fay, of Boston, and the last by William H. Lee, same city. By the attention they attracted they were one of the most interesting features of the exhibition to the general public.

MASTIFFS.

Six entries with the Mars of Dr. Wm. Jarvis, not for competition. Mars is one of the largest animals of the strain I have ever seen. While I should think a little long for the true type, his head is a grand one. In color a light tan, instead of the cream now made so fashionable. He was the largest animal in the exhibition and as such drew constantly around his stall a crowd of wondering spectators. First went to the Rome, of G. A. Salmon, of Dorchester. He was a fine fawn in color, with the black mask in good shape and color. He was so far ahead of the others that there was no competition. Second was given out of compliment I fancy to Waldo E. Sessions' Duke, a very light fawn colored dog, hailing from Worcester. In bitches but one entry that the winner of first at Westminster, the Leah of M. Rathbun. This is the bitch I mentioned as having been purchased for a half dozen game chickens, by Hugh Cooper, of Mount Vernon, Ohio, and sold in time by him at the Lord only knows what figure to Rathbun. That, however, does not affect the rare quality of the bitch; although she had a walk-over, she could have won in the best of company.

ST. BERNARDS.

A most unsatisfactory exhibit, as smooth hair and rough were classed together. With the same propriety so-called deer-hounds and grey-hounds should be made one class. I have no doubt it was an oversight. First went to the Don of Mr. John P. Haines, of Mamaroneck, Westchester county, N. Y. This gentleman has certainly a fine strain of these dogs, and he has been uniformly successful in exhibiting, following up his winnings at New York by winning at Philadelphia and that again by winning here. Second went to a rough-haired dog the Boxer, of George F. Geer, Concord, Mass. I have Boxer marked as a grand dog every way. V.H.C. to Harold, a short-haired orange and white ticked dog, owned by the winner of first, J. P. Haines. V.H.C. was given again to a long-haired one, the Tiger of brown and black color, owned by E. W. Walker, of Exeter, New Hampshire. H.C. was awarded to another long-haired one, the fawn in color, Lion, of Charles Armstrong, Allston, Mass. Entry number 368, Brunig, a grand in looks orange, fawn and white colored dog remained unplaced, although I fancied him to the full as much as Haines' Don, the winner of first. In bitches of this blood a meagre lot of five entries. Really no first, for the quality did not warrant it. It was given to the yellow or yellowish red and white bitch Fanny owned by Carl Hillbach, of Boston.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Only four entries and all fair. Three prizes given. First to jet black Rover, a large-sized—in fact all of them were too large—large-headed dog with quite a shaggy coat. Second to one of the same type, the black Rover of E. W. Bouve, of this city. Standing on the main floor, and looking upward, these four black animals, with their pointed noses, broad black heads and long black coats, looked so many black bears in the cages of a traveling menagerie.

GREAT DANISH DOGS.

Two entries, and both decorated, though neither deserved it. First went to the mouse or dark-grey colored Nero of A. Watts, of Boston, while second went to the white and mouse or slate colored bitch Flora, the latter owned by Christian Muller of North Cambridge. If either was worthy of an award, second should have been first by odds, as she was the larger and finer animal, and had the white eye so much admired at Philadelphia exhibition. Flora was suckling a lot of seven whelps, which had constantly a crowd of visitors looking at them.

DALMATIAN OR COACH DOGS.

Five entries and first given to George Curtis' Sport who should have been second, and second to Isaac Campbell's Zach, a capitally-shaped, finely-marked and spotted dog. These positions should have been reversed without a shadow of a doubt. The other three not even a fair type of the strain.

BULL DOGS.

Four entries; first went to the brindle in color bitch Jennie number 441. This bitch was entered by mistake in the bull terrier class, and it was not discovered until the judging commenced. Second went to the brindle and white Daisy belonging to Edwin C. Bates, of Boston.

BULL TERRIERS.

A nice lot of sixteen entries, and the majority of excellent form, and well up in points to those demanded by the standard. First was given to Grab, and I thought most unjustly. He was of pure white color, and there his goodness began and ended. His tail was coarse, and had been rubbed with resin to make the hair lie straight and give it a finer appearance. When I handled him the hair was still sticky and colored by the gum. His nose, instead of the typical black, which is imperative, had a white streak in one part of the black and a white spot in another, both disqualifications. Great power is also demanded in the lower jaw, and Grab had one of the weakest. Another thing he showed and that was mange, not in one spot but in a couple. It was undeniably that disease, and I wondered how he got through the surgeon's hands to disgrace a stall. Second went to fawn and white Ned. I always thought that a double color was almost as much of a disqualification as a streaky nose, but according to these awards I am all wrong, and must "unlearn" what I have studied and fancied I knew.

PUGS.

A small class of but eleven in number of entries. They were not up in quality either. The judge here again fell into the error of awarding a prize to a dog that was not a bit entitled to the prize. If there were none good enough, the prize should have been withheld. But I doubt if anywhere else in the world first would have been given to a pug with a muzzle so light as to be almost a fawn in its color. It was ridiculous. Black is imperative. Second went to the fawn Punch, as crooked in the foreleg as a dachshund. I regret the giving of these awards, as these animals will be bred to on the strength of winning prizes at the Boston exhibition, and thus an extremely faulty type will be perpetuated. Better a thousand times withhold awards. I know of but one person in this country who is a capable judge of fox and bull terriers, bulls and pugs While a *connoisseur*, he is at the same time a gentleman. I wish he could be induced to serve in these classes, where a good judge is so much needed.

BLACK AND TAN AND OTHER TERRIERS,

These toys, of course. Four entries, and not one a good animal. First went to Ida, so finely bred as to be naked as the skin of a trout. In shape of head and body good. Second went to Rip Van Winkle, of Wm. E. Thairbwall, of this city. The unplaced Bessie, belonging to John Looney, was the best specimen every way, though not the smallest dog, which appeared to be the chief thing demanded.

SKYES.—Again but four entries, of which three were awarded prizes. First went to the almost black in color, Sank, and second to the rough and wiry haired Ben Butler; the latter a real good one, belonging to G. W. Barrowscale, of this city. Commended was given to the blue Flossie of Mrs. G. M. Gale, also of Boston. Rough-haired, two entries. Nellie, a yellow, got first, Tease second. Can say but little about them. Dandie Dinmonts, but one entry, and possessing no merit prize was properly withheld.

YORKSHIRES, seventeen entries, and a good fair in quality lot, too. They are a beautiful pet, when well kept, and I can pardon the *penchant* the ladies have for them. First went to the Charlie of Thomas D. Burke, of New York, a beautiful blue and tan in color, and most diminutive in size. He won first at New York, and I fancy will win wherever exhibited. Second went to Thos. Kaalagher's blue and tan Ben. He is equally as handsome as Burke's Charlie, but loses value, he is so much larger in size than he.

TOY TERRIERS, two entries. First the Prince, blue and silver, of Thomas Kaalagher; second, Mrs. T. D. Boardman's blue Chic Chic, entry 460 in Skye terriers, by mistake.

ITALIAN GREYHOUNDS.

Eight entries, and altogether a good fair typical lot of animals. First went, for a wonder, where it belonged, to the cream colored Neppy, of Mrs. Annie M. Kramer, of Philadelphia. Neppy is a beautiful, graceful, cream colored dog, and won, if I remember correctly, first at Philadelphia also; second went to Tiney, a snuff colored Italian, owned by James R. King, of this city. Two H C. ribbons were awarded to the fawn colored Fawn, of A. Victors and George W. Poore's Dandy, both of Boston, and C. was given to Beauty, who was exhibited with three puppies—belonging to C. Beary, of Somersville, Mass.

SPANIELS—KING CHARLES, BLENHEIM, OR JAPANESE.

Not a Blenheim I thought in the lot, and most certainly not a true bred King Charles. The one I liked best, thought the better bred, appeared to have some hurt at the loin and was continually settling down. I fancied this one was nearer the type demanded than any of the others. Unfortunately the number has become so blurred in the "toting around" of my notes that I cannot give it as I would like to. First was given to Daisy, a supposed King Charles; second to Charlie, another of the same type; V.H.C. was given to the Jumbo, of S. K. Hindley, of Worcester, and another ribbon of the same value to the same owner's Lady, which latter bitch was shown with five young puppies.

Class 63.—A prize of $25 for the best exhibit of yard broken dogs for field purposos had sixteen entries, but after Mr. David C Sanborn, of Baltimore, Mich., exhibited his four champion Leicester—champion Nellie puppies, Victor Hugo, Antony, Roxey and Desdemona, his competitors gave him a walk-over. It was an interesting sight, the puppies being remarkably well made and well marked, and showing the master hand of an artist-breaker. Mr. Sanborn is a professor of the art of dog breaking.

Having occupied so much of your space already, I am forced to forego until another week some remarks which I would like to make regarding the excellent management of the managing committee, and of the superintendent Mr. Chas. Lincoln.

OFFICIAL LIST OF AWARDS.

Class 1.—Champion English setter dogs. For the best, $40. L. H. Smith, Paris, blue belton, Leicester—Dart.

Class 2.—Champion English setter bitches. For the best, $40. L. H. Smith, Dart, black and white ticked, Prince—Dora.

Class 3.—Imported English setter dogs. For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Harvard Kennel Club, Dash III., black and white, Blue Prince—Armstrong's Kate; V.H.C., H. S. and C. S. Magraw, Royal Duke, blue belton and tan, Carlowitz—True; H.C., Harvard Kennel Club, Hamlet, b and w Rock—Dora, and Franklin Sumner, Lelaps, black, white and tan, Leicester—Doll; C., H. W. Gause, Warwick, l and w, Leicester—Petrel.

Class 4.—Imported English setter bitches. For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Harvard Kennel Club, Countess II., black and white, Count Dick—Phantom; 2d and V.H.C., H. W. Gause, Ollie, Dan—Petrel and Belle, blue belton, Pride of the Border—Kirby; H.C., J. N. Dodge, Rose, black, white and ticked; C., A. D. White, Gypsey Girl, Dash—Flora.

Class 5.—Imported English setter puppies under 12 months. For the best dog or bitch $10. W. E. Sessions, Nix, b, w and t, champion Drake—Mollie.

Class 6.—Native English setter dogs. For the best dog, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Edmund Orgill, Ray, white and liver cars, Pride of the Border—Dimity; 2d, A.W. Gore, Fred, b, w and t, Rink—Mollie; V.H.C., G. A. Thayer, Daniel Webster, w and r, Primus—Vic; H.C., D. A. Waters, Grouse, o and w, Cosy—Romp; C., E. King, Jocko, o and w, One Eyed Sancho—Belle.

Class 7.—Native English setter bitches. For the best, $30; 2nd, silver medal. 1st, L. F. Whitman, Mell, b b, Jack—Spot; 2nd, E. C. La Montagne, Abbey, o and w, Y. Laverack—Dido; V.H.C., H. B. Richmond, Bessie, b and w; H.C., R. Elliott, Fanny, b and w; C., P. S. Roberts, Freeze, o and w, Dash—Sue.

Class 8.—Native English setter puppies under 12 months old. For the best dog or bitch, $10. Baltimore Kennel Club, Beacon, o and w, Gladstone—Frost; H.C., H. W. Gause, Blast, l and w, Gladstone—Belle; C., A. W. Gore, Gipsey, b, w t, Gladstone—Pearl.

Class 9.—Champion Irish setter dogs. For the best, $40. G. W. Ogilvie, Ben, r, champion Elcho—Fanny Fern.

Class 10.—Champion Irish setter bitches. For the best, $40. H. W. Gause, Fire Fly, r, Rufus—Friend.

Class 11.—Imported Irish setter dogs. For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. Baltimore Kennel Club, Derg, r, Bob—Fan; 2d, H. W. Gause, Don, r, Rufus—Colleen; V.H.C., W. Tallman, Pat, r, Plunket—Kathleen; H.C., E. F. Stoddard, Bob, r, Erin—Queen; C., A. Nelson, Elcho III., r, champion Elcho—Rose.

Class 12.—Imported Irish setter bitches. For the best, $30; 2nd, silver medal. 1st, Lincoln & Hellyar, Flora, r, Fop—Lill II.; 2d, Toledo Kennel Club, Doll, r, Rufus—Moss; V.H.C., Capt. Emerson, Ruby, r, Flash II.—Daisy; H.C., E. F. Stoddard, Friend, r, Flash—Stella; C., H. W. Gause, Kelpie, r, Rufus—Friend.

Class 13.—Imported Irish setter puppies under 12 months. For the best dog or bitch, $10. Joseph L. Lock, Dash Elcho, r, champion Elcho—Rose.

Class 14.—Native Irish setter dogs. For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Lincoln & Hellyar, Arlington, formerly Boss, r, Dan—Ruby; 2nd, E. Smith, Cole, r, Guy—Cora II.; V.H.C., T. M. Marshall, Jr., Frank, r, Bang—Romp; H.C., A. L. Tribble, Don.

Class 15.—Native Irish setter bitches. For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Baltimore Kennel Club, Flirt, r, Kite—Fashion; 2d, E. Smith, Cora II; V.H.C., H. B. Plummer, Kate, r, Dash—Bess.

Class 16.—Native Irish setter puppies under 12 months. For the best dog or bitch $10. Baltimore Kennel Club, Florence II., r, Elcho—Florence.

Class 17.—Champion Gordon setter dogs. For the best $40. Goldsmith Kennel Club, Rupert, b and t, Shot—Rona.

Class 18.—Champion Gordon setter bitches. For the best $40. S. W. Rodman, Nellie.

Class 19.—Gordon setter dogs, native and imported. For the best dog $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Toledo Kennel Club, Grouse, b and t, Rock—Floss; 2d, H. A. Davis, Duke of the East, b and t, Duke—Lou; V.H.C., C. T. Brownell, Dash, b and t, Tom—Chloe; H.C., W. H. Leighton, Jr., Dash, b and t, Pete—Bess; C., A. C. Mudge, Sam, b and t, Tom—Chloe.

Class 20.—Gordon setter bitches, native or imported. For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, L. Curtis, Bess, b and t; F. L. Gay, Pansy, b and t, Fritz—Gipsy; H.C., H. L. Kinsley, Bessie B., b and t, Grouse—St. Kilda; C., F. B. Fay, Dinah, b and t, Tom—Chloe.

Class 21.—Gordon setter puppies. For the best dog or bitch, $10. E. L. Dorr, Jr., Tom, b and t, Shot—Lady.

Class 22.—Champion pointer dogs. For the best, $40. St. Louis Kennel Club, liv and w ticked, champion Bang—Luna.

Class 23.—Champion pointer bitches. For the best, $40. Edmund Orgill, Rose, l and w, Flake—Lilly.

Class 24.—Pointer dogs over 55 lbs.—For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, St. Louis Kennel Club, Faust, liv and w ticked, Sam—Nell; 2nd, F. Howe, Rex, b and w, Jim—Whiskey; H. C., M. G. Fuller, King, liv ticked; C., J. W. Coffin, Rake II., l and w, Rake—Gipsy.

Class 25.—Pointer bitches over 50 lbs. For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, G. G. Barker, Princess, b, Ranger—Fan; 2d, W. E. Miller, Maud, liv and w, Stong's Pete—Belle; C., Fuller & Lyman, Psyche II., o and w, Cal—Psyche.

Class 26.—Pointer dogs under 55 lbs. For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, E. C. Alden, Pete Jr., black, Pete—Nellie; 2d, A. M. Tufts, Dash, l and w, Dash—Jenny.

Class 27.—Pointer bitches under 50 lbs. For the best, $30; 2d, silver medal. 1st, St. Louis Kennel Club, Zeal, liv and w, champion Bang—Belle; 2d, J. S. Burbank, Fly, l and w, Dexter—Flirt; V.H.C., E. Orgill, Ruby, l and w, Flake—Lilly; H. C., H. S. Magraw, Crystal, w and l, Flake—Lilly.

Class 28.—Pointer puppies. For the best dog or bitch under 12 months, $10. J. W. Coffin, Lola, late Beauty, w and l, Sensation—Juno.

Class 29.—Chesapeake Bay dogs. For the best dog or bitch, $20; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Baltimore Kennel Club, Rover; 2d, C. T. Curtis, Foam.

Class 30.—Irish water spaniels. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, D. D. Lawlor, Mack; 2d, R. W. Waterman, Sport, late Jerry.

Class 31.—Retrieving spaniels other than Irish. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, J. M. Aldrich, Sport; 2d, W. E. Wall, Fuss; H.C., R. W. Waterman, Tubby.

Class 32.—Cocker spaniels. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, D. P. Bosworth, Gip, liv and w; 2d, Dr. O. M. Drake, Judy, liv and w, Young Lorne—Fanny Fern.

Class 33.—Field spaniels. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, W. M. Tileston, Trimbush; 2d, W. H. Canterbury, Charlie; H.C., W. Pearce, Prince.

Class 34.—Fox-hounds. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, E. B. Tinkham, Ino; 2d, H. Puvogel, Tyler.

Class 35.—Beagles. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st and 2d, Dodge & Baker, Rattler, b w t, Sam—Rosa, and Bell, b w t, Darwin—Milley; H.C., P. B. Bradley, Charm.

Class 37.—Fox terriers. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, T. D. Burke, Rattler, b w t, champion Rattler—Violet; 2d, F. B. Fay, Deacon Rasper, lem, w and t, Pickle II.—Lady; V.H.C., A. Winsor, Jr., Turk t and w; H.C. and C., P. Lawrence, Nettle w b t Jay—Wasp, and Paulo, w b and t, Pantaloon—Guida.

Class 38.—Greyhounds. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, E. W. Cushing, Gizella; 2d, Al. Watts, Skip.

Class 39.—Scotch deerhounds. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2nd, silver medal. 1st and 2d, J. R. Webster, Cid, light red, Lupus—Mona and Lupus, light fawn, Loone—Spey; V.H.C., S. Butler, Maida III.

Class 40.—Mastiffs. For the best dog, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, R. Gage, Jack, light fawn, Ray—Sally; 2d G. A. Salmon, Rome, fawn, Tip—Buff; H.C., W. E. Sessions, Duke, light fawn, Romeo—Juliet.

Class 41.—Mastiffs. For the best bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, M. Rathburn, Leah.

Class 42.—St. Bernards. For the best dog, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, J. P. Haines, Don; 2d, G. F. Geer, Boxer; V.H.C., J. P. Haines, Harold; H.C., C. Armstrong, Lion; C., H. Sleap, Carlo.

Class 43.—St. Bernards. For the best bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Carl Heilbach, Fanny; no second awarded.

Class 44.—Newfoundlands. For the best dog or bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, N. Herthel, Rover; 2d, E. W. Bouve, Rover; H.C., G. B. Witler, Bachelor.

Class 45.—Siberian or Ulm dogs. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Al Watts, Nero; 2d, C. Muller, Flora.

Class 46.—Dalmatian or coach dogs. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, S. Curtis, Sport; 2d, I. Campbell, Zach.

Class 47.—Shepherd dogs. For the best, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, H. S. Crowell, Jack; 2d, A. A. Fowler, Scott; V.H.C., F. A. Taft, Bruce; H.C., F. P. Dearborn, Pedro; C., F. D. Montgomery, Rob.

Class 48.—Shepherd dogs. For the best bitch, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Mrs. E. Ward, Jessie; 2d, E. Ward, Gypsey; H.C., R. Foster, Fanny and Gamey.

Class 49.—Bull dogs. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, T. D. Burke, Jennie; 2d, E. C. Bates, Daisy.

Class 50.—Bull terriers. For the best, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Al Watts, Grab; 2d, E. C. Davis, Ned.

Class 51.—Pugs. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, H. W. Kendall, Bijou; 2d, Miss A. P. Bedlow, Punch.

Class 52.—Black and tan terriers. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, M. Gumming, Ida; 2d, W. E. Thairbwall, Rip Van Winkle.

Class 53.—Skye terriers. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Al Watts, Sanko; 2d, G. W. Borrowscale, Ben Butler; C., Mrs. G. M. Gale, Flossie.

Class 54.—Rough haired terriers. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, D. D. Lawlor, Nellie; 2d, F. M. Ware, Tease.

Class 55.—Dandie Dinmonts. Prize withheld.

Class 56.—Yorkshire terriers. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, T. D. Burke, Charlie; 2d, T. Kaalagher, Ben; C., J. P. Bernard, Mab.

Class 57.—Toy terriers not exceeding 5 lbs. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, T. Kaalagher, Prince; 2d, Mrs. T. D. Boardman, Chic Chic.

Class 58.—Blenheim, King Charles and Japanese spaniels. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st and 2d and H.C., S. K. Hindley, Daisy, Charlie and Lady.

Class 59.—Italian Greyhounds. For the best dog or bitch, $10; 2d, silver medal. 1st, Mrs. A. M. Kramer, Neppy; 2d, J. R. King, Tiney; H.C., A. Victorson, Fawn, and G. W. Poore, Dandy; C., C. Beary, Beauty.

Class 60.—Not assigned.

Class 61.—Miscellaneous dogs and bitches. $15 to each breed deemed pure by the judges. P. Tierney, Jocko, and W. S. McFarlane divided.

Class 62.—Trick dogs. For the best, $15; 2d, silver medal. 1st, M. Kelleher, Prince, and J. C. Wheeler, Prince, divided; 2d, F. A. Taft, Don.

Class 63.—For the best exhibit of yard-broken dogs for field purposes, $25, D. C. Sanborn; V.H.C., F. A. Taft.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Class A.—For the best setter or pointer in the show. Grand cash prize of $500. Divided between Harvard Kennel Club, Dash III., Toledo Kennel Club, Grouse, St. Louis Kennel Club, Faust, and G. W. Ogilvie, Ben.

Class B.—For the best setter or pointer, dog or bitch, a handsome oil painting, valued at $350. L. H. Smith, Paris.

Class C.—For the best imported or native English setter dog, Parker gun, value, $200. J. C. Long, Coin.

Class D.—For the best native or imported English setter bitch, 25 lbs. Falcon ducking powder, value, $25. L. H. Smith, Dart.

Class E.—Best brace of English setters, regardless of sex, a pair of gold-mounted revolvers, value, $30. Harvard Kennel Club, Dash III. and Countess II.

Class F.—Best native or imported Irish setter dog, a Fox gun, value $150. E. C. Waller, Raco.

Class G.—Best native or imported Irish setter bitch, 25 lbs., Wild Fowl powder, value $25. H. W. Gause, Fire Fly.
Class H.—Best brace of Irish setters regardless of sex, Bancroft's History of the United States, value $40. E. F. Stoddard, Bob and Friend.
Class I.—Best Gordon setter dog, native or imported, a Daly gun, value $100. Goldsmith Kennel Club, Rupert.
Class J.—Best Gordon setter bitch, native or imported, "Upland Game Birds and Water Fowl," value $25. S. W. Rodman, Nellie.
Class K.—Best brace of Gordon setters, regardless of sex, a silver vase, value $75. Toledo Kennel Club, Grouse and Judge.
Class L.—Best pointer dog, a Scott gun, value, $150. St. Louis Kennel Club, Bow.
Class M.—Best pointer bitch under 50 lbs., a portrait of the winner's head in oils, value, $100. St. Louis Kennel Club, Clytie.
Class N.—Best brace of pointers regardless of sex, collection of thirty heliotype engravings of Landseer's paintings, value, $35. St. Louis Kennel Club, Faust and Bow.
Class O.—Best brace of pointer dogs under 18 months, case of ornamental birds, value, $20. A. M. Tufts, Dash and Tramp.
Class P.—Best spaniel dog or bitch of any breed, a Mole trap. W. H. Canterbury, Charlie.
Class Q.—Best fox-terrier dog or bitch, portrait of winner painted in oils, value $50.
Class R.—Best mastiff, dog or bitch, $25 cash. W. E. Sessions, Duke.
Class S.—Best St. Bernard dog or bitch, a gold and silver medal, value $25. J. P. Haines, Don.
Class T.—Best bull-terrier, dog or bitch, cash $25. Al Watts, Grab.
Class V.—Best Yorkshire terrier, dog or bitch, a silver collar, value $25. T. D. Burke, Charlie.

GOTHAMITE.

(From our Special Reporter.)

The National (English) Pointer and Setter Field Trials, Run April 22, 23 and 24.

President—His Grace the Duke of Westminster, K.G. Judges—The Right Hon. Viscount Combermere, and A. P. Heywood Lonsdale, Esq. Secretary—Mr. Samuel Ebrall.

For several years these trials have been held near Shrewsbury which is perhaps the best district in England for the purpose, the fields being generally large, partridges plentiful, and hares not too numerous. When it was announced that the Duke of Westminster's estate at Eaton Park near Chester was selected for this this year, many were the speculations as to the suitability of the place and the quantity of game thereon, several thinking that it would be better to leave well alone, being satisfied with the old grounds at Shrewsbury. His Grace, however, having very kindly offered his estate, and Brailsford his head keeper, who was one of the earliest promoters of field trials, and has kept up his connection with them ever since, being satisfied it is believed of its suitability, that was thought quite sufficient guarantee that all would be right. The sequel, however, proved that a partridge was rather a *rara avis* on Eaton than otherwise, and that hares, which are so dreadfully trying to puppies, swarmed. These circumstances added to the almost total absence of covert were not very conducive to first rate sport as may be imagined. Still the work was got through, by the judges keeping perseveringly to it throughout.

The meet on the first day, Tuesday the 22d of April, was at Aldford village, and a charming drive of four miles through Eaton park, across the river Dee, which winds a tortuous course for some considerable distance through the grounds, adding immensely to the beauty of the latter, brought us to the rendezvous appointed. It was a lovely morning, the air was crisp but yet soft; the sun's genial rays nevertheless seemed to offer a marked contrast to the bare cold grey looking fields and the leafless branches of the trees.

Shortly after 9:30 a. m., the time appointed, the company had assembled; about 150 people, including of course a goodly number of the "velveteens and gaiters" fraternity, were at the meet, and several others joined during the day. Besides the president and Lord Grosvenor many regular habitues were present, including Mr. B. Field, Mr. Statter, Mr. Purcell Llewellin, Major Platt, Major Baldwin, of African slaying notoriety, Rev. D. Sergeantson, Rev. J. C. Macdona, Gen. Sir. R. Palmer, Mr. Buckell, Mr. and Mrs. Prendergast—Garde, from Dublin, Mr. Cunnington and a lot of others.

POINTER PUPPY STAKES.—Puppies of 1878: entrance of £5:5 each. First prize, £30; second, £15; third, £10.

POINTER PUPPY STAKES; Puppies of 1878.

Mr. W. Arkwright's liv w b Tinkle, by Bang—Belle, 15 months, beat Viscount Downe's liv w d Speck, by Dot—Snake, 12 months.
Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's liv w Tick, by Drake—Nimble Ninepence, 12 months, beat Mr. W. Arkwright's liv w Don Jose, by Joker—Jane, 10 months.
Mr. Barclay Field's liv w Rex, by Riot—Venus, 14 months, beat Mr. Geo. Pilkington's liv w Kelpie, by Bang—Juno, 14 months.
Marquis Cholmondeley's liv w Puss, by Sam, 12 months, beat Mr. G. J. Jarrett's liv w Juno, by Rap—Venus, 10 months.
Mr. Jno. Roberts' liv w t Roy, by Ranger—Romp, thirteen months and Mr. Edwin Bishop's liv w d Banker, by Drake II.—Nell, fourteen months, were put out, not having shown sufficient merit.
Marquis of Cholmondeley liv w Jessie, by Duke—Folly, eleven months (a bye).

I.

Jessie beat Tinkle.
Tick beat Rex.
| Puss (a bye).

II.

Puss beat Jessie.
| Tick (a bye).

Marquis of Cholmondeley's liv w Puss beat Tick, and won first prize, £30.
Marquis of Cholmondeley's Jessie beat Tick, and won second prize, £15.
Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Tick taking third prize, £10.

It was not by any means a promising piece of ground where the two first named contestants inaugurated the meeting, being a grass field as bare as a billiard table. Tinkle was decidedly slow, but Speck, whose pace and style were a great improvement, showed a very inferior nose. Tinkle eventually at the farther end of the field, got on scent and stood Speck backing creditably; a hare was found at the point. In the next field a hare crossed them temptingly, both looked rather longingly, but neither chased. In a rushy bottom Tinkle slow but moderately sure pointed a brace of partridges, but Speck who had been careering about ignored the point, and throughout the tie evinced want of nose, so the flag was hoisted in favor of Tinkle; both dogs dropped well to fire.

A scanty piece of clover seeds was found for Tick and Don Jose and they were no sooner out of the leads than a hare jumped off and the breakers rather than run any risk each dropped his charge by hand. Both dogs were, however, fairly free from fur. Tick's pace and style was much better than his opponent's, who, however, managed to get the first point which was at another hare, Tick backing well, and when another hare got on foot and passed near him, Tick at once subsided. The latter followed up by another point at a hare in good form and as on Puss going away the Don had to be dropped, the verdict was given for Tick. Rex and Kelpie had a long trial in which very indifferent work was done, Kelpie flushing once and both dogs declining to drop either to wing or fire. As Rex ranged in better pace and style than his opponent, he won the tie, although his work was purely of negative merit.

Juno and Puss had a very short time of it, indeed, for Juno, a tiny weed, was downright nuts on fur, and had evidently come out to enjoy herself, as she had three rare good scurrys after hares in half as many minutes, in spite of voice and whistle. She was therefore soon out of it, the flag going up for Puss, who, however, had not had time to do anything good, bad or indifferent.

Roy and Banker made a poor exhibition, there was very little game for them to find, it is true, but they were veritable potterers and were both struck out of the stake for want of merit.

Jessie having been drawn (a bye) was sent down against Tinkle, who beat Speck in the first tie. Both contestants beat a large area of ground at a good pace and nice easy style, but Lord Cholmondeley's bitch carried her head rather the better of the two. At the end of the third or fourth field Tinkle stood, but no game; Jessie in another direction pointed a brace of partridges, which point Tinkle backed well. Two hares next passed near the dogs, Jessie was staunch to the first, and followed the second slightly but dropped to hand instantly. Jessie then found another hare and afterwards another brace of birds, Tinkle backing each time, so as Jessie had been finder general the flag went up for her.

Rex and Tick both got on the same scent and pointed a brace of partridges. Tick then got a false point which Rex backed, but a short time afterwards in another field when Tick found a brace of partridges and stood them, Rex dashed straight in front of his opponent and flushed the birds, and so lost the tie. Lord Cholmondeley's two bitches, owners not being guarded, (a bad arrangement we think) had then to try conclusions, and they worked uncommonly well together, so closely that there being such a scarcity of game it was difficult to decide as to their respective merits. Field after field was tried, and eventually Puss getting the outside cast pointed a hare, Jessie turning to quarter her ground caught sight and backed well; as time was an object the flag was hoisted for Puss.

Tick was then sent down against Puss for the winning tie, these being the only two unbeaten dogs. Puss showing greater pace and more system in working her ground than Tick, soon got on scent of a hare which had just gone away and pointed, but Tick would not back, preferring to take up the point himself. Puss again got a point where a spectator had flushed birds a moment previously; this time Tick backed, then the flag went up for Puss, who was declared winner of the first prize. A short spin between Jessie and Tick for second and third prizes, was decided by Jessie getting on scent, drawing on several yards, and standing in very pretty form to a brace of birds; Tick backed well, but Jessie fairly earned 2nd prize, Tick getting third honors. This being the first time Lord Cholmondeley has run dogs at trials double success is remarkable.

SETTER PUPPY STAKES.—Puppies bred in 1878; entrance 5 guineas each. First prize, £40; second prize, £20; third prize, £10.
Mr. R. Ll. Purcell-Llewellin's Countess Rose, by Count Wind'em—Norna, 10 months, beat Mr. Thomas Statter's bk w t Donald, by Count Dan—Dumpsey, 11 months.
Mr. Edwin Bishop's w tic Young Prince, by Dick—Louie, 13 months, beat Mr. S. East's w bk tic Diadem, by Dash II.—Duchess, 11 months.
Mr. S. East's bk w tic Dorothy, by Dash II.—Duchess, 11 months, beat Gen. Sir Roger Palmer, Bart.'s red Dick II., by Bill—May, 13 months.
Mr. J. H. Brown's bk w b Heiresss, by Mike,—Countess, 12 months, beat Mr. Elias Bishop's lem w Frank, by Ranger—Lady, 11 months.
Mr. E. Armstrong's red Antrim, by Charlie—Jane, 13 months, beat Mr. G. J. Jarrett's red Comet, by Gage—Flash, 9 months.
Mr. J. J. Bibby's liv w Fan, by Diamond—May, 14 months, beat Mr. John Robert's bk w Kate, by Frank—Mince.
Mr. E. Bishop's bk w tic Lord Dorset, 11 months, and Mr. E. Armstrong's Ned Downe, by Charlie—Jane, put out for want of merit.
Mr. J. J. Bibby's lem w Rover, by Diamond—May, 14 months, beat Mr. H. Platt's red w Taffy, by Prince II.—Brora, 14 months.
Mr. Jno. Roberts' lem w Boy, by Frank—Nell, 14 months (a bye).

I.

Countess Rose beat Boy.
Dorothy beat Young Prince.
| Heiress beat Antrim.
| Rover beat Fan.

II.

Countess Rose beat Dorothy.
| Rover beat Heiress.

Mr. J. J. Bibby's lem w Rover, by Diamond—May, 1st prize, £30; Mr. J. H. Brown's bk w Heiress, by Mike—Countess, 2d prize, £20; Mr. J. J. Bibby's liv w Fan, 3d prize, £13.

Rose made very short work of her opponent, Donald, for in less than two minutes she pegged a brace of partridges and dropped well to wing; when the gun was fired both behaved well. In the next field Rose getting the outside cast and holding her head well up in the wind, soon found another brace of birds, Donald, not seeing the point, was put down by hand; a little farther on Rose again found birds, pointed and stood, but Donald rushed in and flushed her birds, so the flag went up for Rose, who showed a splendid nose, and quartered systematically and cautiously, with plenty of pace when she likes to put it forth. Being only ten months old her work was decidedly good, and she will prove a very hard nut to crack for the Field Trial Derby, if she keeps well.

Diadem and Young Prince's trial was not a lengthy one and the former, although her style and action were perfect and pace good, was a decided trifler, for she false pointed right and left, and when a hare got up and went away she chevied him right merrily as many a young setter has done before; Young Prince, therefore, secured the tie without more ado. Dorothy, from the same kennel as Diadem, then had a win likewise by the demerits of her opponent, the red Irish dog Dick II. The moment they were sent off up jumped a brace of hares and Dick in spite of shouts and whistles coursed one out of the field and looked rather like killing, once; Dorothy also went a few yards in pursuit of the other but a sharp rate from her master brought her to her senses, and as Dick showed no inclination of returning, the flag went up for Dorothy.

Frank and Heiress both went fast and well, the latter quartering her ground most creditably, but no game was found in the first two or three fields. Eventually, however, both dogs ranging close together across wind flushed a brace of birds which they ought to have found. Heiress scored in the next field—a fallow—by pointing a brace, Frank backed and both dropped to wing. Hares, however, proved too much for Frank as they had done for one or two before him during the day, and as Heiress was staunch on fur, the flag, all things considered, was fairly hoisted for her.

Antrim and Comet, both reds from the "Green Isle," soon settled the question at issue between themselves and it was hares again that did it. Comet evidently came out on purpose, for in whatever part of the field, no matter how far off, she saw a hare she made for it. Antrim dropped well to fur, and as Comet repeatedly chased Antrim won the tie.

Kate and Fan were sent down next in the same field and the former hung about on foot scent, coming to a point once or twice, where Comet had coursed; Fan in the meantime was backing her staunchly. Kate then pointed but left her point and the birds were afterward flushed. Fan in the meantime who had been ranging and quartering her ground in capital style flushed birds but dropped well to wing. She then got a point at a single bird, so the flag went up for her, she having well earned the verdict by her systematic ranging and superior pace.

Lord Dorset and Downe devoted about a quarter of an hour to flushing and chasing and breaking fence, so were both put out of the stake for want of merit.

In his trial against Taffy, Rover soon began to score; he first got on scent, drew on well and pointed a hare. Taffy made a false point and then afterward catching sight backed his opponent's point; both dropped when Puss went off. Taffy, however, showed want of nose as he flushed twice when he ought to have winded his birds, and once declined to drop to wing. Rover a few seconds afterward pointed where Taffy's birds had been flushed and drew up prettily from a considerable distance, giving a decided evidence of superior nose, so the flag went up for him. His quartering and pace were also good, but he seems inclined to carry his head a trifle low in ranging.

Boy being drawn a bye, Countess Rose, who had won the first tie, was sent down against him, an absurd arrangement, as a beaten dog should have run the bye with him. But, old hands at field trials as the committee and the judges are, they seem to work on no system whatever. In a bare field Rose and Boy commenced operation by Rose winding game and beginning to draw on to a point, but as the judges called the workers of the dogs and ordered them to beat out a deep long corner of the field, Mr. Buckell, who was working Rose, not noticing her doings, whistled her, and shortly afterward when she was coming back to the same ground in quartering, from a different direction, two hares got up, one from the spot to which she was originally drawing when she began; this rather bewildered her for she followed one about twenty yards but stopped when spoken to; immediately afterward another hare rushed across in front of her and tempted her to chase slightly but Lord Combermere stated that "any dog" might chase under the circumstances; hares were dodging about in all directions. She soon afterward pointed a hare and then a brace of birds. Boy in the former case went past her and took up her point and then broke fence, so Rose won the tie. Boy was very steady on fur.

Young Prince and Dorothy then went on for second ties. Dorothy pointed where a hare had crossed, and soon afterwards pointed a brace of birds well. Prince preferred going up to his opponent and taking up the point also, instead of backing, and as he himself when he found a brace of partridges poked them up he put himself out of court.

Heiress against Antrim—both went fast and in very fair style, the former especially. A false point to Heiress, and a disinclination to back by Antrim, was followed by a point at birds to Heiress, Antrim backing fairly well this time. Antrim then false pointed twice, but Heiress would not back, indeed she seems not to have the faintest idea of backing, having been put down to hand at every stand made by her opponents throughout the stake. She however showed a good nose, and pegging a rabbit in the middle of the field she won the flag. Antrim did little else but back.

Fan and Rover both belonging to the same owner were then started off, but as it was getting late and what little game there was, was running about on the feed, the judges after a pretty even trial had been run by these two contestants, allowed the owner to name the animal he chose to be declared winner of the tie, and Rover was the favorite one.

Thus Rose and Dorothy, and Rover and Heiress were the four unbeaten dogs left in the stake.

On Wednesday morning the meet was at Broughton Station, but what a dismal morning it was, to be sure, and game was scarcer than on the previous day. A start, however, was made, and Countess Rose and Dorothy began to range but no game was found for some little time. Eventually, however, in a grass field, Rose pointed a brace of partridges and dropped to wing. Dorothy did not back, her worker having to drop her by hand. A short draw up and point on foot scent by both, followed by a false point to Dorothy and a good back by Rose sent up the flag for the latter.

Heiress and Rover then tried conclusions, both going in very good form. Rover stood for a moment where a hare had crossed, Heiress of course backed only to hand. Heiress next chased a blackbird the whole length of a field, and Rover got a false point, Heiress declined to back. Rover then got a point at a rabbit and afterward at birds, and both dogs proved free from fur, but Heiress persistently declined to back at all. Everybody then expected Rose and Rover to go down for the final tie, but the judges having consulted Mr. B. Field for a short time, announced that they had decided to give Rover first, Heiress second, and Fan third, a decision ridiculous, contradictory, and grossly unjust. Rose had absolutely beaten all her dogs, found more game than any other dog, had never made a flush, and did not chase one tithe as badly as Heiress, while Fan had actually been declared beaten in her tie. Everyhody was astonished at the decision, and many greatly disgusted. But as it has been shown already, the want of any system in such matters allows the indulgence of all kinds of caprice. There was evidently a difference of opinion between the judges, and Mr. Field still further disarranged the little system, which had, it is true, been observed but indifferently throughout the trials. Those, however, who heard him speak so prejudicially against Rose on the previous day, even after the excellent work done by her in her first tie, could not be surprised at the result if that was the reason for his being called into consultation. Indeed it should be observed that Mr. B. Field often broke the rules by repeatedly talking to the judges even in stakes where his own dogs were competing, and it was the subject of frequent remark amongst the spectators.

SHREWSBURY STAKES—Single all-aged pointer dogs or bitches; entrance 7 guineas. First prize, £30; second £12.
Viscount Downe's liver and white Jill, by Mars—Ruby, 6 years, beat Mr. Barclay Field's black Nora, by Mango—Romp.
Mr. J. H. Whitehouse's liver and white Rapid, by Chang—Romp, beat Duke of Westminster's black and white Rosa, by Rector—Moll.
Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's lemon and white Dandy Drake, by Drake—Nimble Ninepence beat Mr. George Pilkington's liver and white and ticked Garnet, by Tory—Jessie.

II.

Rapid beat Dandy Drake.
| Jill a bye.

III.

Jill beat Rapid.

Viscount Downe's Jill, by Mars—Ruby, first prize, £30; Mr. J. H Whitehouse's Rapid, by Chang—Romp, second prize, £12.

The aged pointers, although there were one or two of the cracks amongst them, made a very poor show indeed, at game finding; their pace, style, and quartering were generally unexceptionable however.

Nora and Jill, the first contestants drawn for this stake, false pointed in the most ridiculous manner, Jill in particular, as she made four or five in quick succession; she, however, got two good points to Nora's one, so the flag went up for her; in backing and dropping to wing they were perfect.

In trial between Rapid and Rosa each made two decided false points, but Rapid found three lots of birds and stood to them in capital form, and so won. Both dogs backed well and dropped to wing.

Garnet and Dandy Drake began operations in a field full of sheep, but no game was found until a third field was tried when Garnet pointed a hare, Drake backing; some birds were then flushed by Garnet, it is presumed, as during lunch, which was then called, Drake was declared the winner of the tie. Sharp work on Garnet, most people would say.

Dandy Drake and Rapid were not allowed much law, but Rapid's well-known cleverness at game finding, and Drake's unsteadiness at backing soon won the tie for Rapid.

Jill and Rapid then went on for the final. Jill began by a false point, Rapid backing. The latter, however, seemed inclined to hang about the hedgerows, his opponent quartering her ground in the meantime in good form, so after a short and very indifferent trial in which there was no game found, Jill was declared the winner of first and Rapid second. It must be understood that many of the so-called false points were caused by the dogs coming on warm scent of hares, which could be seen leaving each field in twos and threes on the approach of the company, so pace, style and system counted much.

HAWKSTONE STAKES.—For single aged setters, dogs or bitches; entrance, 7 guineas.
Mr. T. Bower's blue belton Blue Bell II., by Bandit—Blue Belle I., 3 years, and Mr. R. Chambers' red and white Ben, 2 years, 10 months, ordered up for want of merit.

[KENNEL CONTINUED TO PAGE 219.]

Chicago Field.

The American Sportsman's Journal.

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N. ROWE,

Editor and Manager Chicago Field,

155 & 157 *Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.*

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1879.

ENLARGED.

This week, the CHICAGO FIELD is enlarged to twenty pages by the addition of a cover of four pages. On such an occasion the opportunity might be availed to say much, but we feel that it is hardly necessary, as the paper speaks for itself. And that it meets the requirements of the sportsmen generally we have the best evidence when we look at our subscription list, which has been so greatly enlarged during the present year, that we can afford the large extra expense involved. Moreover, the demands for space in our advertising columns compel us to enlarge or encroach on our reading matter, which we could not do.

With the addition of four pages we are enabled to meet the demands of advertisers, and devote more space to the subjects we treat, and to add a permanent natural history department, which will be edited by Professor Charles Linden, of the Buffalo Academy of Natural Science. Professor Linden will make this department equal to that of any other department in the paper.

The course pursued by the CHICAGO FIELD in the past is the indication of what it will be in the future. The latest, fullest and most correct reports of all events will be found in its columns. Independent in all things, it will continue to show neither favor to nor fear of any one.

THE ILLINOIS GAME AND FISH BILLS.

The following are the game and fish bills passed by the legislature of the state of Illinois.

The bill for the protection of game birds and animals becomes a law in sixty days. The old law, therefore, is in force until then.

The bill to encourage the cultivation of fish is a law now, the emergency clause having been inserted.

It is to be hoped that now we have laws which provide a punishment for their violation, the apathy and indifference of those interested in the protection of game will be thrown off, and that the weak-kneed individuals will brace up and infuse a little courage into themselves, and not be deterred by the threats of bullies, but that all will unite in seeing that the laws are enforced without fear or favor.

THE BILL FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hunt or pursue, kill or trap, net or ensnare, or otherwise destroy any wild duck, doe or fawn, wild turkey, between the fifteenth day of January and the first day of September of each and every year; or any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of August of the succeeding year; or any quail or ruffed grouse between the first day of January and the first day of October of each and every year: or any wild goose, duck, brant, or other water fowl, between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of August of each and every year. And it shall be further unlawful to shoot, kill or destroy,or attempt to shoot, kill or destroy any wild goose, duck, brant, or other wild fowl during the night time at any season of the year; or any woodcock between the first day of January and the fourth day of July in each and every year. And any so offending shall, for each and every offense be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined in any sum not less than five dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars and costs of suit, and stand committed to the county jail until such fine is paid: *Provided*, that such imprisonment shall not exceed ten days, and the killing of each bird or animal as specified herein, shall be deemed a separate offense.

SEC. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person to buy, sell, or have in possession any of the animals, wild fowls or birds mentioned in section one of this act, at any time when the trapping, netting or ensnaring of such animals, wild fowls or birds shall be unlawful which shall have been entrapped, netted or ensnared contrary to the provision of this act, and any person so offending shall, on conviction, be subject to the same fines and penalties, to be enforced and collected in the same manner as provided in section one of this act.

SEC. 3. No person shall, at any time, within this state, kill or attempt to trap, net, ensnare, destroy or kill any robin, blue-bird, swallow, martin, musquito hawk, whippoorwill, cuckoo, wood-pecker, cat-bird, brown-thrasher, red bird, hanging bird, buzzard, sparrow, wren, humming bird, dove, goldfinch, mocking-bird, bluejay, finch, thrush, lark, cherry bird, yellow bird, oriole or bobolink, nor rob or destroy the nests of such birds, or either or any of them. And any person so offending shall, on conviction, be fined the sum of five dollars for each and every bird so killed, and for each and every nest robbed or destroyed: *Provided*, that nothing in this section shall be construed to prevent the owner or occupant of lands from destroying any of the birds herein named on the same, when deemed necessary for the protection of fruits or property.

SEC. 4. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to destroy or remove from the nests of any prairie chicken, grouse or quail, wild turkey, goose or brant, any egg or eggs of such fowl or birds, or for any person to buy, sell, have in possession, or traffic in such eggs, or wilfully destroy the nests of such birds or fowls, or any or either of them. Any person so offending, shall on conviction, be fined and dealt with as specified in section three (3) of this act.

SEC. 5. No person or persons shall, at any time, with a trap, snare or net, take or attempt to trap, snare or net any wild turkey, prairie chicken, quail, grouse or pheasant, at any time, and every person so offending shall, on conviction, be fined in a sum not less than five dollars, nor more than twenty-five dollars, and costs of suit, and shall stand committed to the county jail until such fine is paid: *Provided*, that such imprisonment shall not exceed fifteen days.

SEC. 6. No person or persons shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in his or their possession, for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the animals, wild fowls or birds mentioned in section one (1) of this act, after the expiration of five (5) days next succeeding the first day of the period in which it shall be unlawful to kill, trap or ensnare such animals, wild fowls or birds. And any person so offending shall, on conviction, be fined and dealt with as specified in section one (1) of this act, and selling or exposing for sale, or having the same in possession for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale any of the animals or birds mentioned in this section, after the expiration of the time mentioned in this section, shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of this act: *Provided*, That the provisions of this act shall not apply to the killing of birds by or for the use of taxidermists for preservation either in public or private collections, if so preserved.

SEC. 7. The provisions of this act shall not be construed as applicable to any express company or common carrier, into whose possession any of the animals, wild fowls or birds herein mentioned shall come in the regular course of their business, for transportation, whilst they are in transit through this state, from any place without this state where the killing of said animals, wild fowl or birds shall be lawful. But notwithstanding this provision, the having or being in possession of any such animals, wild fowl or birds, as are mentioned in section one (1), upon any of the days upon which the killing, entrapping, ensnaring, netting, buying, selling, or having in possession any such animals, wild fowl or birds, shall be unlawful by the provisions of this act, shall be deemed and taken as *prima facie* evidence that the same was ensnared, trapped, netted or killed in violation of this act.

SEC. 8.—All prosecutions under the provisions of this act shall be brought by any person, in the name of the people of the state of Illinois, against any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act, before any justice of the peace of the county in which such violation is alleged to have taken place, or before any court of competent jurisdiction; and it is hereby made the duty of the state's attorneys to see that the provisions of this act are enforced in their respective counties, and they shall prosecute all offenders on receiving information of the violation of any of the provisions of this act; and it is made the duty of sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and police officers to inform against and prosecute all persons whom there is probable cause to believe are guilty of violating any of the provisions of this act, one-half the amount recovered in any penal action under the provisions of this act shall be paid to the person filing the complaint in such action, and the remaining one-half to the school fund of the township in which this act has been violated.

SEC. 9. All prosecutions under this act shall be commenced within three months from the time such offence was committed and not afterwards.

SEC. 10. All acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

THE BILL TO ENCOURAGE THE CULTIVATION OF FISHES.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to catch or kill any fish of the species commonly called black, green, silver or white bass, pike, pickerel, salmon, land-lock salmon, jack salmon, croppy or grass bass, sun fish or sun perch, or other fish commonly known as game fish in or upon any of the rivers, creeks, streams, ponds, lakes, sloughs, bayous or other water courses wholly within or running through the State of Illinois, with any seine, net, weir, or other device, other than with hook and line, from the fifteenth day of February to the fifteenth day of June, in each and every year.

SEC. 2. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons at any time to catch or kill any fish in or upon any of the creeks, streams, ponds, lakes, sloughs, bayous or other water courses within the jurisdiction of the State of Illinois, by the use of lime, acid or any medical or chemical compound or explosive.

SEC. 3. Whenever complaint shall be made to any justice of the peace in any county of this state, that any person or persons have within such county violated any of the foregoing sections of this act the said justice of the peace shall enquire into the matter, and if satisfied from the affidavit of the person making such complaint or from any other testimony, that there is reasonable cause to justify the making of such complaint, he shall issue his warrant, directed to the sheriff or any constable of such county, authorizing and commanding him forthwith to arrest and bring before him or in his absence, some other justice of the peace within such county, the person or persons alleged to have been guilty of violating any of the foregoing sections.

SEC. 4. Whenever any person or persons shall be brought before any justice of the piece in the manner provided for in this act, for a violation of any of the preceding sections of this act, it shall be the duty of such justice of the peace to hear and determine the complaint.

SEC. 5. Any person or persons found guilty of violating any of the preceding sections of this act shall each be fined by the justice before whom such offense shall be tried in a sum not less than five, nor more than thirty dollars, and costs of such proceeding, for the first offense, and for any subsequent offense in any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars and costs.

SEC. 6. Any person or persons trespassing upon the enclosed lands of another, without the consent of the owner, for the purpose of fishing, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined in a sum not more than ten dollars and costs of such proceeding, such fine and costs to be enforced in the same manner as in the preceding sections of this act: *Provided*, that only the owners, occupant or authorized agents of such lands shall make complaint under this section.

SEC. 7. All suits commenced under this act shall be in the name of the people of the State of Illinois and when any judgment shall be rendered against any person or persons offending against any of the preceding sections of this act, execution shall issue forthwith on such judgment and the sheriff or constable to whom the same may be directed shall pay one-half of all penalties collected on such execution, in payment of such judgment, to the person who shall have made such complaint and the remaining half of all such moneys to the superintendent of schools of the county wherein such offense shall have been committed and such judgment rendered, when the same shall form a part of the common school fund of such county: *Provided*, nothing in this section shall deprive the party defendant of the right to appeal.

SEC. 8. For the purpose of enforcing the provisions of this act, it is hereby declared that any execution issued as provided for in this act, and if returned, "not satisfied" the justice issuing the same, or in case of his death or absence, any other justice of the peace in such county, shall issue his warrent to the sheriff or any constable of such county commanding him to take, carry and deliver the person or persons against whom such execution may have issued to the jailor of such county, who shall receive such person or persons into custody and commit him or them to the common jail of such county, or to the workhouse of such county wherever one exists, for a period of not less than five nor more than thirty days, as the justice shall in his warrant direct, provided such person or persons so arrested may at any time be discharged upon the payment of any such fine and costs.

SEC. 9. Nothing herein shall be construed to prevent any person from taking fish in any manner and at any time for spawning purposes, by obtaining the consent of the owner of the premises where such fish are taken, if taken upon the enclosed premises of another; all laws and parts of laws in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 10. WHEREAS, an emergency exists, therefore this act shall be in effect from and after its passage.

THE BILL TO ESTABLISH A BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That it shall be the duty of the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, to appoint three persons, residents of this state, who shall constitute a board of fish commissioners. The persons so appointed shall hold their office for the respective terms of one, two and three years, the Governor designating the term each member shall serve as said commissioner from the time of their first appointment, and their successors to be appointed at the expiration of the several terms of office, and shall each hold their terms of office for three years.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the persons so appointed to select suitable locations for state fish-hatching and breeding establishments; take all measures within their means for propagating and increase of the native food fishes, and, also, for the introduction of new varieties of food fishes into the public waters of the state, upon the best terms possible; to employ a practical and competent fish culturist as a superintendent, who shall have general charge and care of such establishments and perform all such duties as the commissioners shall direct. Said board shall not receive any compensation for their services, but shall be reimbursed their actual expenditures for traveling and hotel expenses, not to exceed, in any event, the sum of three hundred dollars per annum for the entire board. Provided, that if no appropriation be made, no expenses shall be incurred.

SEC. 3. The said commissioners, or any two of them, shall have authority to draw upon the state treasurer, from any appropriation made in pursuance of the purposes of this bill, as the same may be required to defray expenses incurred, and shall report to the governor of the state all and singular the items of such expenditures, together with the business transacted under their commission; such report to be made on or before the commencement of each fiscal year.

The following bill entitled "an act to amend section one of an act entitled 'An act to prevent the destruction of fish in the State of Illinois, and to secure the unobstructed passage of fish in all the waters of this state, wherein they were once accustomed to be found,'" approved March 22, 1872, will assuredly pass, and is just what is needed.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the state of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, that section one (1) of an act entitled "An act to prevent the destruction of fish in the State of Illinois, and to secure the unobstructed passage of fish in all the waters of this state wherein they were once accustomed to be found," approved March 22, 1872, in force July 1, 1872, be amended so as to read as follows:

SECTION 1. That no person shall place, erect to cause to be placed or erected any dam, seine, net, wire fish-dam, or other obstruction in or across any of the rivers, creeks, streams, ponds, lakes, sloughs, bayous, or other water courses wholly within this state, or in that part of such stream or water course wholly within this state, in such manner as shall hinder or obstruct the free passage of fish up or down or through such waters or water courses; and that from and after the adoption of this act it shall be unlawful for any person to use any seine or net for the purpose of catching fish, except minnows, in any of the waters of this state, the meshes of whose seine is less than two inches: *Provided*, that it shall be unlawful for any person to catch or take any fish other than small fish for bait, with any net, seine, wire basket, trap or any other device whatever, except with a hook and line or spear, within one-half mile of any dam constructed across any of the creeks or rivers of this state.

BONESETTER AND PROTEINE MATCHED.—The universal desire to have these two flyers of the trotting turf come together in a *bona fide* match, will now be gratified. This was brought about during the attendance of the respective owners at the meetings of the Board of Review in this city, and on May 14 the conditions were signed, which are virtually as follows: Messrs. John Kohley & Co., of Cincinnati, O., owners of Proteine, and Mr. H. V. Bemis, of Chicago, owner of Bonesetter, agree to trot their horses a match race in harness, mile heats, 3 in 5, on July 19 next, over the track of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, for $5,000 a side, good day and track. Five hundred dollars from each was deposited in the hands of Mr. Alvin Hulbert of the Sherman House, the balance to be deposited with the treasurer of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club on or before the day of the race. Should the day and track be unsuitable, then the next good day and track, provided it does not interfere with any day of the July trotting meeting, the same, however, not to exceed ten days from July 19. As an additional attraction to the day's sport, the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club will offer a "purse of $1,000—$500 to first, $350 to second, and $150 to third, free for all double teams. Regarding the Bonesetter—Proteine match, we certainly hope that both will be fit and well to trot for a man's life on the appointed day, as there is a deeper feeling in the match brought about by the unsatisfactory decision of the judges, than is apparent on the surface.

ANOTHER MATCH, AND THE WINNER OF THE JOE JR.—GLADSTONE MATCH CHALLENGED.—The following letter we have received from Mr. Henry Malcolm, of Baltimore, Md. As will be seen, Mr. Malcolm has accepted Mr. Taylor's challenge; and challenges the winner in the Joe Jr.—Gladstone match. Malcolm is said by those who have seen him in the field to be a rattler. He is a Gordon setter, and was bred by Mr. Jas. R. Tilley, of Locust Valley, L. I., and is out of his Dream by Munn's Duke of Gordon. Dream is out of Tilley's Mab by Copeland's Shot. A portrait of Malcolm appeared in our issue of March 15.

BALTIMORE, MD.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Mr. Isaacs, Jr., of Richmond, Va., sent a challenge here from Mr. T. F. Taylor, of same place, to hunt the best dog in Maryland for one or three hundred dollars. I immediately sent him word I would hunt Malcolm for four days in Virginia on November 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1879. He names his setter King. This will make a good hunt.

I will be obliged if you will also state that as soon as Joe Jr., and Gladstone finish their hunt and I finish mine with Mr. Taylor, that I challenge the winner of the same, with Malcolm. The purse shall be made to suit. All preliminaries for this last hunt shall be fixed through you, with your permission, as soon as the winner is announced.

H. MALCOLM.

THE BOARD OF REVIEW.—Meeting pursuant to announcement the Board of Review of the National Trotting Association convened on May 12, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, this city. The following officers were present: Col. C. W. Woolley, president; Edwin Thorne, first vice-president; Judge James Grant, second vice-president; Wm. Edwards, George Sturges, and Chas. L. Hunt. As there is a long docket to be disposed of, the sitting of the Board will be probably continued to the end of the week. As we go to press the cases disposed of principally related to suspensions for non-payment of entrance money. The following cases are on the docket, and will attract considerable interest. The Proteine—Bonesetter matter, on application for a rehearing by H. V. Bemis, owner, and Frank Van Ness, driver of Bonesetter, from the decision of the judges in the 2:20 class rate at the Fall meeting of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club; and the National Association against Gus Glidden, Morrill Higbee, and whom it may concern, in the Edwin Forrest race at Utica, last season. The decisions of the Board will be given in our next issue.

THE ENGLISH FIELD TRIALS.—In our Kennel department will be found a cable dispatch of the winners in the Field Trial Derby, run on the 7th, 8th and 9th, from our special representative, Mr. Joseph H. Dew; also, a report of the National Pointer and Setter Trials, run April 22, 23 and 24, from our special reporter Venator. In the National Trials Mr. Macdonna's Ranger was defeated in the All-aged Setter Stakes, by Mr. Llewellin's Count Wind'em, litter brother to the Harvard Kennel Club's Countess II., which was so successful at the recent Boston show. Count Wind'em is by Count Dick (Dan—Countess) litter brother to the Harvard Kennel Club's Countess Vesta and Countess Ada, and is out of the pure Laverack bitch Phantom, sister to Petrel, Pearl, Peress and Pickles. It will, therefore, be seen that we are rich in the blood in this country. In the same trials, second in the Pointer Puppy Stakes was won by Jessie out of Folly, sister to St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust.

THE BOSTON SHOW.—A full account of the Massachusetts Kennel Club's show will be found in our kennel department, from our special reporter Gothamite. Not only from him but from several private letters we have received, the show is generally regarded as having been a grand success, not only in the number and quality of the dogs, but in the judging and attendance. The decision of the judges in the very large majority of instances gave satisfaction. Of course it would be impossible to expect all of the losers to be satisfied, but all felt, as they could not otherwise but feel, that where the judges differed from them it was an honest difference of opinion. The attention and courtesies extended by the members of the Massachusetts Kennel Club to the exhibitors received the warmest encomiums. The Athens of America, in dog shows as in everything else, is never behind. Mr. Godeffroy writes us that he regrets it was impossible for him to be present with his kennel.

THE NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY MEETINGS.—President Eaton, of the New Jersey Sportsmen's Association can't fix a date for the meeting as he can't get any birds. President Lamberton, of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, has his coops ready but has not been able so far to get any birds. The date, therefore, at which the convention will meet at Rochester is uncertain. The Monroe County Sportsmen's Club, under whose auspices the convention will be held this year, have elected the following delegates to it: W. J. Babcock, Seth Green, E. G. Billings, W. S. Kimball and L. A. Pratt.

A STRANGE INCIDENT.—On Monday morning last a woodcock flew into the hall of the Clifton House, corner of Wabash avenue and Monroe street. Messrs. Munger Bros., proprietors of the Clifton House, sent it over to us with the request that we would have it taken out of town and liberated, which we had done. On Wednesday morning another woodcock flew into a window at the corner of Washington and Dearborn streets, and was captured and taken to F. P. Taylor's store, from where it was sent into the country to be liberated.

THE COCKRELL FUND.—From the Marshalltown, Iowa, Shooting Club we have received $5.15 with the hope "that other clubs will do likewise, as it will be but a small tax on each member and be doing a generous act to a suffering fellow sportsman." Kit Killbird sends us one dozen of his "Dog Paths to Success" to be sold and the money applied to Mr. Cockrell's benefit. The price is 50 cents each. On receipt of amount we will send a copy. Who wants one?

THE CHICAGO FIELD $4 a year; $2 for six months; $1 for three months. Three copies to the same post-office address one year $9.

THE STATE MEETING ADJOURNED.—In consequence of the impossibility of obtaining a sufficient number of birds the convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association have been postponed to some time in June. The exact date will be fixed and due notice will be given so soon as the president, Mr. Lincoln, is satisfied that the number of birds requisite will be on hand and in good condition.

THE AUDUBON CLUB, JACKSONVILLE.—At the recent meeting of the Audubon Club, Jacksonville, the following delegates were elected to the annual convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, at Peoria: George Hayden, Chas. Henry, Wm. Benson, J. V. Read and D. M. Simmons. The chairman of the delegates was instructed to invite the convention and tournament to meet at Jacksonville in 1880.

THE AUDUBON CLUB.—At the meeting of the Audubon Club, Chicago, the following were elected delegates to the Illinois State Sportsmens' Convention, at Peoria: Chas. Kern, C. E. Felton, W. T. Johnson, Horace Silsby and T. Stagg; alternates, Dr. N. Rowe, W. Foss and J. J. Kleinman. The delegates were instructed to select the team on the grounds.

A NEW CLUB.—The Rockford Gun Club has been formed by the sportsmen of Rockford, Ill., and the following officers elected: Henry Sears, president; Dan'l Miller, vice-president; Jno. T. Buker, secretary; H. W. Cotton, treasurer. Messrs. Keeny, Beard and Cotton were appointed a committee to draft constitution and by-laws.

PATIENCE.—Our friends must excuse us for taxing their patience still further by allowing several letters to remain unanswered, but we have never had a moment we could spare. Several questions also remain to be answered in our next.

GOTHAMITE.—Who is Gothamite is as much a conundrum as "Tom Collins," or "Who struck Billy Patterson?" You are all mistaken in your guesses, gentlemen. Try again.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Marshalltown, May 20.
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, St. Louis, May 20.
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Peoria, May 27.
Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Salina, Oct. 14.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of president.
New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Rochester, ——.

Shooting Canvas-Back at Currituck.

BY MONTE VAL.

"Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along."

It was the good ship Wyanoke that steamed out of New York harbor on one cold December day, and among her passengers were two amateur shooters bound for a southern clime and a week's shooting at Currituck Sound.

The writer and Fred were the shooters referred to, and we were now on our way to realize that which for a long dreary year we had been anticipating. The day we left New York was intensely cold, and our phantom ship wore masts of crystal. We were warmly wrapped in our ulsters as we paced up and down the deck waving our handkerchiefs a fond farewell to the shivering ones on the wharf, who to us were growing smaller and smaller, fainter and fainter, as our ship swung out into the bay. Old Castle Garden wore her mantle of white, and floating ice granulated and melted away before the huge prow of the Wyanoke.

Like the rest of the passengers on deck, we made friends with the "smoke stack" to keep warm, putting up with the disagreeable *odor* of burnt grease and fumes from the kitchen—which I will here say is putting up with a good deal, as will readily be vouched for by anyone who has ever made a sea trip, and been placed in the same position. Sandy Hook "Light Ship" was sighted just at dark, and as we turned our faces homeward we could see only two great fields of sparks. It was the cities of New York and Brooklyn lighted up for the night.

Our vessel now began to gently rise and fall on the billows, causing us for the first time, on this trip, to realize that we had just left a harbor of peace for a fretful and angry sea. On our way from the upper deck to the "companion way" we were invited by our good captain to step into the pilot house, where, sheltered from the stinging blast, we could see all that was to be seen—a great sea to the front and left of us, and a long, dark streak against the western horizon, which proved to be the New Jersey coast fading away. Happy folk were we, for we knew on the morrow we would be just so much nearer our shooting grounds, and again we went to our state room to see how our shooting paraphernalia was looking and standing the trip.

We were placed at the captain's table for supper—and here let me say that the Old Dominion Line set a remarkably good table. Fred was somewhat unsteady, lest from the continual rolling of our ship he should become seasick. Mind you, Fred had twice crossed the "big pond," and the good ship *Australia* for some twelve days had no charms for him.

Of course I continually kept twitting him about it, and as often as possible gently reminded him that he looked somewhat pale.

This was my first sea trip, and to be honest I had but little confidence in myself as regarded my anti-seasick qualities. To me everything seemed lovely until just before bed time a gentleman of color stepped nimbly into our state room, and upon the rail of each berth hung a kind of *soup tureen* with a cover held fast by two hinges. With a very sober face I was about to put my collar and cravat into this ill-proportioned "jewel box" when I chanced to catch the eye of Fred, and I saw that he was just choking back a good laugh.

"What do you call it?" said I.

"Oh, you're right!" said Fred, "that is a very good use to put it to, only these things are sometimes used as a sort of a *cuspadore* or a *spittoon*; you know. Fellers' suppers don't always set well on their stomachs when at sea, and these here things are very handy to have in reach, you know." I didn't know anything about it, but shut up my mouth, threw up the lid to the "gravy bowl" so as to "have it in reach, you know" and turned over for a sleep, while through the ventilator over head came pouring in the sweet music from those in the cabin who were in no hurry to retire.

Nothing of particular interest occurred until we sighted the "Rip-Raps" and Fortress Monroe, which were eagerly scanned by every passenger, and we all assembled on deck to watch for the first church spire of Norfolk and to see the many men-o'-war anchored in Hampton Roads.

Everything was now confusion and life on board our vessel; passengers gathering up their baggage, deck hands hurrying to and fro—for here we make the first landing. Running at half speed, our steamer carefully threaded its way up the harbor until when we were within two hundred yards of the wharf our "four-pounder" belches forth a mighty salute from the "fo'k's'le," and we were there.

We sorely miss the express conveniences of New York city, but after some delay we got a cart driven by an immensely big mouthed "dusky diamond," to transfer trunks, etc., to the hotel. A good room in the hotel makes us comfortable for the night, and we retire only to get up the next morning at 4 o'clock to proceed southward on our journey.

The dim kerosene lamp swings carelessly back and forth, and the wheels turn mechanically on our little steamer Cygnet, as we swing down for the Elizabeth river and the Dismal Swamp canal. Our little steamer measures scarcely thirty feet over all, is a side-wheeler, and has a horizontal engine placed on the main deck. To us, this was a strange ride, as we kept winding through a little stream scarcely wide enough to admit our little craft, and the country so monotonous. Our little steamer seemed to continually make retrograde movement as we wound our way through this very crooked stream, and at times it really seemed as if we were back to the starting place. All day long we threaded our way through this monotonous country of tangled marshes and fields of faded reeds.

Here, for the first time since leaving the city, we lay eyes on a canvas-back, and these were on a frying-pan, which was skilfully manipulated by a greasy looking darkey. We were terribly anxious to get to that place we had so often read about—the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," where

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe."

We could write no lines that could half so well describe this dreary place as these lines by Thomas Moore. How cold, how dreary and uninviting is this lonely spot, that seems really out of the world. The trees grow up only to again bow down weary and sore. The water, so dark and stagnant, seems to have died long ago, and we are left to imagine whither is its source and where does it find its way out to the sea.

We shudder when we think what a place this would be to spend a night in, and alone—

"But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!"

It is in passing through this swamp that we see our first "Mistletoe Bow," and this would not have been noticed by us had not a passenger pointed it out to us.

We are glad to get out of this dreary country, and feel greatly refreshed when we run out into an immense open bay, where the water seems to be healthy in appearance, and water-fowl from the duck to the great white swan make glad our hearts.

Our hearts strike hard against our ribs when by a deck hand we are told that we have not begun to see ducks yet. "Why," said he, "you will see rafts of 'em 'fore long, when we get a little further down." Sure enough, the deck hand was right. Red-heads, canvas-backs, boobies and "blue-peters"—(as they are called here) swarm on every side and take wing by the thousand as our little steamer comes plowing through the sound.

We arrived at Poplar Branch, and put up with "the widow" Van Slyck (the headquarters for all northern gunners at the sound), long after dark. It was a mule and a hand made cart that took us up to the house from the landing, and such a shaking up! well, we never had before. We immediately negotiate for a room and a warm supper, which the genial landlady was only too glad to place at our disposal, and in fact do anything to make us comfortable.

Returning from supper we found that a battalion of a score or more gunners—natives—were waiting an interview. We found among them two men highly recommended, whom we engaged for boatmen. All the evening was spent loading shells and unpacking our luggage, so as to be ready for an early start on the morrow.

With the morning came disappointment, for we found it to be raining quite hard, and very bad weather for good shooting, as we well knew. How different had this storm only been snow—a good *nor'easter*—however, it took a good deal of wet to dampen our ardor, and we concluded to try it. Dressed from head to foot in rubber and *oilers* we found our way through the darkness to the landing, where our boats were secured, and our gunners after putting in each boat a good supply of "stools" composed largely of canvas-back and a few red-heads, we shoved off and struck for the lower bay. It was a long, wet, cold ride, and I felt greatly relieved when we came to our "blind."

Fred and his man put up about one mile north of us. It was hardly daybreak yet, and we set to work repairing our "blind" and putting out "stools." A rubber blanket is spread down behind the wet reeds, and each seated upon a powder keg we wait eagerly for the first ray of light, and the first sign of feathers. My boatman was not at all sanguine of good sport, in fact thought that the chances were that we would have pretty poor sport, for it was still raining hard, and ducks were not inclined to fly, but bob around in great rafts far out in the bay.

Here we sat chatting while the rain beat down upon us, when suddenly my guide grasped me by the shoulder, and at the same time whispered, "lay low!" I turned stealthily around and far off saw the familiar harrow-shaped lines bearing down upon us.

They were coming *dead for us*, but evidently did not see our "stools," for they were approaching from the rear of our "blind."

Like leeches we clung to that blanket, determined not to frustrate the first shot, and my man whispered "They are canvas-back, shoot to kill." They were now near by and an old drake led the van. A long streak of fire shot up into the stormy sky and my breech-loader belched forth a terrible volley, and lo!—

* * * *

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
* * * *
Falls! and bites a Southern soil.

This was my first *real* canvas-back, and now that the ball had opened and the first blood had flown, I began to warm up and forget the great rain drops and the sharp cutting wind.

We again settle down behind our blind and in silence await for more signs of feathers.

While sitting here so quiet I hear the continual great bass honk! honk! of a thousand geese, and the tenor of a myriad of ducks that are continually passing south, and fully two miles away.

Far out in the bay beaten down by the rain lay rafts of ducks consisting of canvas-backs, red-heads and blue-peters.

How we longed for them to take wing, or the appearance of some craft to stir them up.

Again I became chilled through. Water in great drops stood upon my gun-barrels and my rubber blanket held here and there little pools of water.

It was evidently a very poor day for ducks. Our stools were bobbing around on the tops of a thousand little waves, and doing everything that little *wooden ducks* could do.

Presently we spied a van of ducks sailing close to the water and coming straight for us.

We almost held our breath for fear that they would go down before reaching our decoys; but we were not to be disappointed and made everything snug for their reception.

They seemed to be coming at a terrible gait, and when they were within about thirty yards we rose up and they soon discovered their mistake.

With wonderful sagacity they put up their web feet against the wind, but not soon enough to save them all, for we quickly had in two barrels each, and three ducks lay fluttering in the water.

We had scarcely time to gather them when two red-heads came bearing down upon us, but awfully high, and very fast. I managed to put in one barrel but only to the seeming delight of the old drake who returned the compliment by his drakeship's quack! quack! quack!

This was the last shot fired by either of us that morning, and after waiting patiently—as only a lover of duck shooting can—we pulled up stakes and setting the sails of our little skiff shoved off for home. We now turned into a little *bayou* where just in gun shot and making about as good time as ourselves, set two splendid canvas-back. Instantaneous my gun went to my face, and, but for the timely interference of my boatmen I should have sent at least one of them to join that "innumerable caravan."

Imagine, if you can, my disgust when I was coolly informed by my guide—at twelve *York shillings* per day—that I could not shoot from a boat!

"It's 'gainst the law down 'ere," said he, "for a person that don't live 'ereabouts to shoot from a boat, and he can't do it no how." He continued: "Only us poor folks whats don't own some lands, can shoot from a skiff. You *big folks* from the North can come down here and pay for shootin' privileges, and have all the best pints."

This was all new to me, and I began to think that I really had just commenced to cut my eye teeth. However, I reluctantly kept my gun down, and would you believe it those very ducks seemed to know all about Currituck ordinances? Why they just kept ahead of us and called back to us "shoot if you dare, you'll get ten days," etc., etc. I don't like to shoot a duck while setting on the water, but upon my word I would like to have given them just one "rake."

Passing through the "narrows" we met Fred and his boatman. They had had better sport than we and their bag numbered sixteen. We were terribly cold and awful glad to reach the landing. Several days we passed similar to the one just related, and it would be to the reader monotonous if I should here record each day's work.

Christmas morning did not dawn bright and fair, but a snow storm such as is seldom seen south of "Mason & Dickson's line" was prevailing. So hard was it snowing that we could not see the old wind mill which stands scarcely two hundred yards from the house. We were sorry to see this storm, for "the widow" had promised us a regular Southern Christmas, the programme including a shoot for a live deer, and the *darkeys' delight*, a regular old-fashioned turkey shoot.

To those who have often been on excursions like this, it is not necessary to say how we put in the day, and how much real solid fun we had. It is wonderful what a time a party of shooters can have when really compelled to remain in *durance vile*.

The boys were all in their woolen stockings and slippers, and there was a noticeable absence of high top rubber boots and *tarpaulins*. A new "back-log" is with difficulty rolled in the old fire-place, and a damp woolen sock is drawn down over both andirons to dry. The atmosphere overhead is *somewhat* smoky as we all with pipe in mouth draw around the cracking fire. Such a debate as we had! I don't know what all we didn't argue, from *coarse vs. fine* shot to *choke vs. cylinder* bored gun barrels. "Our member from Boston" gave us a very interesting sketch of the *fauna* of North and South Carolina, but was brought to an untimely end by "the widow," who just then came in the room with an immense bowl of hot lemonade.

In the center of the room, with head bowed down on his left hand, sits "our member from Worcester," oblivious of all surroundings, for he is at his favorite game, *solitaire*.

A coon for dinner served *a la Southern* is surely a novelty to us, but we are *au fait* in the eating line, and slowly but surely Mr. Coon disappears from sight.

This is the way we spent Christmas, and now the scene shifts to the *blind* just opposite "Currituck Light."

* * * * * *

"I say, Mr. ——," said my gunner after very prettily bringing down a widgeon at very long range, "that wasn't a very bad sort of a shot for my old muzzle-loader."

"You are right," said I, "but keep down, here comes a solitary red-head." Another little white cap yonder and down he goes out of sight, shot dead with my little breech gun, not further than twenty-five yards away. The ball keeps rolling, and down comes five canvas-backs—too bad, they cut a "pigeon wing" when almost within gun shot, and we drop down closer than ever to wait for more. Seven geese pass directly over us but too high up for even our young cannon to reach them. A dozen or more "dipper ducks" are swimming around our decoys, and occasionally come in so close to our "blind" that a ten-foot pole could knock them over, but we pay but little attention to them and do not molest them. Here comes three canvas-back for our decoys, they are flying very close to the water, and we again hold our breath for fear they will go down before reaching us, but they keep on with steady and short strokes of their wings, little suspecting what a deadly battery awaits but ten strokes of their wings. Three well-directed shots made prisoners of those, who, but a moment before were as free as the clouds and capricious as a March wind. The ducks were flying well and we were having a glorious time. It was boom! boom! boom! down below and we were quite sure Fred was getting the "lion's share."

The sun was fast hiding itself, and we knew it would be dark by the time we reached the landing, so shoving off our little skiff laden with ducks of several varieties, we headed for home, running with the wind. It took us a good portion of a day to pack our birds in barrels ready to be shipped North, and the vessel that bore those birds home took with them their destroyers.

"Did you have a good time?" we were asked. "Never better," we reply. "And you found any numbers of birds, and the shooting as good as represented?" Had we not read sporting literature for some time, and been on many similar expeditions, we should have been compelled to have answered our interrogater in the negative. This, my reader, is true.

Cut down these tremendous big shooting scores about one-half before going, and you will never be disappointed. Have you never when out on some of your woodcock shooting trips on a Summer day, met a schoolboy whose face was so intelligent that you were prompted to say: "Johnny, do you know of any woodcock on this farm?" "Oh, yes; lots of 'em," he replies, and so frankly, too, that you say, "Lead on, I follow thee." With a face full of animation, this young "hopeful" points out, much to your disgust, a woodpecker, or perhaps a "high-hole."

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ENLARGED.

This week, the CHICAGO FIELD is enlarged to twenty pages by the addition of a cover of four pages. On such an occasion the opportunity might be availed to say much, but we feel that it is hardly necessary, as the paper speaks for itself. And that it meets the requirements of the sportsmen generally we have the best evidence when we look at our subscription list, which has been so greatly enlarged during the present year, that we can afford the large extra expense involved. Moreover, the demands for space in our advertising columns compel us to enlarge or encroach on our reading matter, which we could not do.

With the addition of four pages we are enabled to meet the demands of advertisers, and devote more space to the subjects we treat, and to add a permanent natural history department, which will be edited by Professor Charles Linden, of the Buffalo Academy of Natural Science. Professor Linden will make this department equal to that of any other department in the paper.

The course pursued by the CHICAGO FIELD in the past is the indication of what it will be in the future. The latest, fullest and most correct reports of all events will be found in its columns. Independent in all things, it will continue to show neither favor to nor fear of any one.

THE ILLINOIS GAME AND FISH BILLS.

The following are the game and fish bills passed by the legislature of the state of Illinois.

The bill for the protection of game birds and animals becomes a law in sixty days. The old law, therefore, is in force until then.

The bill to encourage the cultivation of fish is a law now, the emergency clause having been inserted.

It is to be hoped that now we have laws which provide a punishment for their violation, the apathy and indifference of those interested in the protection of game will be thrown off, and that the weak-kneed individuals will brace up and infuse a little courage into themselves, and not be deterred by the threats of bullies, but that all will unite in seeing that the laws are enforced without fear or favor.

THE BILL FOR THE PROTECTION OF GAME.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hunt or pursue, kill or trap, net or ensnare, or otherwise destroy any wild duck, doe or fawn, wild turkey, between the fifteenth day of January and the first day of September of each and every year; or any pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, between the first day of December and the fifteenth day of August of the succeeding year; or any quail or ruffed grouse between the first day of January and the first day of October of each and every year; or any wild goose, duck, brant, or other water fowl, between the first day of May and the fifteenth day of August of each and every year. And it shall be further unlawful to shoot, kill or destroy, or attempt to shoot, kill or destroy any wild goose, duck, brant, or other wild fowl during the night time at any season of the year; or any woodcock between the first day of January and the fourth day of July in each and every year. And any so offending shall, for each and every offense be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined in any sum not less than five dollars nor more than twenty-five dollars and costs of suit, and stand committed to the county jail until such fine is paid: *Provided*, that such imprisonment shall not exceed ten days, and the killing of each bird or animal as specified herein, shall be deemed a separate offense.

SEC. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person to buy, sell, or have in possession any of the animals, wild fowls or birds mentioned in section one of this act, at any time when the trapping, netting or ensnaring of such animals, wild fowls or birds shall be unlawful which shall have been entrapped, netted or ensnared contrary to the provision of this act, and any person so offending shall, on conviction, be subject to the same fines and penalties, to be enforced and collected in the same manner as provided in section one of this act.

SEC. 3. No person shall, at any time, within this state, kill or attempt to trap, net, ensnare, destroy or kill any robin, blue-bird, swallow, martin, musquito hawk, whippoorwill, cuckoo, wood-pecker, cat-bird, brown-thrasher, red bird, hanging bird, buzzard, sparrow, wren, humming bird, dove, goldfinch, mocking-bird, bluejay, finch, thrush, lark, cherry bird, yellow bird, oriole or bobolink, nor rob or destroy the nests of such birds, or either or any of them. And any person so offending shall, on conviction, be fined the sum of five dollars for each and every bird so killed, and for each and every nest robbed or destroyed: *Provided*, that nothing in this section shall be construed to prevent the owner or occupant of lands from destroying any of the birds herein named on the same, when deemed necessary for the protection of fruits or property.

SEC. 4. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to destroy or remove from the nests of any prairie chicken, grouse or quail, wild turkey, goose or brant, any egg or eggs of such fowl or birds, or for any person to buy, sell, have in possession, or traffic in such eggs, or wilfully destroy the nests of such birds or fowls, or any or either of them. Any person so offending, shall on conviction, be fined and dealt with as specified in section three (3) of this act.

SEC. 5. No person or persons shall, at any time, with a trap, snare or net, take or attempt to trap, snare or net any wild turkey, prairie chicken, quail, grouse or pheasant, at any time, and every person so offending shall, on conviction, be fined in a sum not less than five dollars, nor more than twenty-five dollars, and costs of suit, and shall stand committed to the county jail until such fine is paid: *Provided*, that such imprisonment shall not exceed fifteen days.

SEC. 6. No person or persons shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in his or their possession, for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale, any of the animals, wild fowls or birds mentioned in section one (1) of this act, after the expiration of five (5) days next succeeding the first day of the period in which it shall be unlawful to kill, trap or ensnare such animals, wild fowls or birds. And any person so offending shall, on conviction, be fined and dealt with as specified in section one (1) of this act, and selling or exposing for sale, or having the same in possession for the purpose of selling or exposing for sale any of the animals or birds mentioned in this section, after the expiration of the time mentioned in this section, shall be *prima facie* evidence of the violation of this act: *Provided*, That the provisions of this act shall not apply to the killing of birds by or for the use of taxidermists for preservation either in public or private collections, if so preserved.

SEC. 7. The provisions of this act shall not be construed as applicable to any express company or common carrier, into whose possession any of the animals, wild fowls or birds herein mentioned shall come in the regular course of their business, for transportation, whilst they are in transit through this state, from any place without this state where the killing of said animals, wild fowl or birds shall be lawful. But notwithstanding this provision, the having or being in possession of any such animals, wild fowl or birds, as are mentioned in section one (1), upon any of the days upon which the killing, entrapping, ensnaring, netting, buying, selling, or having in possession any such animals, wild fowl or birds, shall be unlawful by the provisions of this act, shall be deemed and taken as *prima facie* evidence that the same was ensnared, trapped, netted or killed in violation of this act.

SEC. 8.—All prosecutions under the provisions of this act shall be brought by any person, in the name of the people of the state of Illinois, against any person or persons violating any of the provisions of this act, before any justice of the peace of the county in which such violation is alleged to have taken place, or before any court of competent jurisdiction; and it is hereby made the duty of the state's attorneys to see that the provisions of this act are enforced in their respective counties, and they shall prosecute all offenders on receiving information of the violation of any of the provisions of this act; and it is made the duty of sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, constables and police officers to inform against and prosecute all persons whom there is probable cause to believe are guilty of violating any of the provisions of this act, one-half the amount recovered in any penal action under the provisions of this act shall be paid to the person filing the complaint in such action, and the remaining one-half to the school fund of the township in which this act has been violated.

SEC. 9. All prosecutions under this act shall be commenced within three months from the time such offence was committed and not afterwards.

SEC. 10. All acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith are hereby repealed.

THE BILL TO ENCOURAGE THE CULTIVATION OF FISHES.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons to catch or kill any fish of the species commonly called black, green, silver or white bass, pike, pickerel, salmon, land-lock salmon, jack salmon, croppy or grass bass, sun fish or sun perch, or other fish commonly known as game fish in or upon any of the rivers, creeks, streams, ponds, lakes, sloughs, bayous or other water courses wholly within or running through the State of Illinois, with any seine, net, weir, or other device, other than with hook and line, from the fifteenth day of February to the fifteenth day of June, in each and every year.

SEC. 2. That it shall be unlawful for any person or persons at any time to catch or kill any fish in or upon any of the creeks, streams, ponds, lakes, sloughs, bayous or other water courses within the jurisdiction of the State of Illinois, by the use of lime, acid or any medical or chemical compound or explosive.

SEC. 3. Whenever complaint shall be made to any justice of the peace in any county of this state, that any person or persons have within such county violated any of the foregoing sections of this act the said justice of the peace shall enquire into the matter, and if satisfied from the affidavit of the person making such complaint or from any other testimony, that there is reasonable cause to justify the making of such complaint, he shall issue his warrant, directed to the sheriff or any constable of such county, authorizing and commanding him forthwith to arrest and bring before him or in his absence, some other justice of the peace within such county, the person or persons alleged to have been guilty of violating any of the foregoing sections.

SEC. 4. Whenever any person or persons shall be brought before any justice of the piece in the manner provided for in this act, for a violation of any of the preceding sections of this act, it shall be the duty of such justice of the peace to hear and determine the complaint.

SEC. 5. Any person or persons found guilty of violating any of the preceding sections of this act shall each be fined by the justice before whom such offense shall be tried in a sum not less than five, nor more than thirty dollars, and costs of such proceeding, for the first offense, and for any subsequent offense in any sum not exceeding one hundred dollars and costs.

SEC. 6. Any person or persons trespassing upon the enclosed lands of another, without the consent of the owner, for the purpose of fishing, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and fined in a sum not more than ten dollars and costs of such proceeding, such fine and costs to be enforced in the same manner as in the preceding sections of this act: *Provided*, that only the owners, occupant or authorized agents of such lands shall make complaint under this section.

SEC. 7. All suits commenced under this act shall be in the name of the people of the State of Illinois and when any judgment shall be rendered against any person or persons offending against any of the preceding sections of this act, execution shall issue forthwith on such judgment and the sheriff or constable to whom the same may be directed shall pay one-half of all penalties collected on such execution, in payment of such judgment, to the person who shall have made such complaint and the remaining half of all such moneys to the superintendent of schools of the county wherein such offense shall have been committed and such judgment rendered, when the same shall form a part of the common school fund of such county: *Provided*, nothing in this section shall deprive the party defendant of the right to appeal.

SEC. 8. For the purpose of enforcing the provisions of this act, it is hereby declared that any execution issued as provided for in this act, and if returned, "not satisfied" the justice issuing the same, or in case of his death or absence, any other justice of the peace in such county, shall issue his warrent to the sheriff or any constable of such county commanding him to take, carry and deliver the person or persons against whom such execution may have issued to the jailor of such county, who shall receive such person or persons into custody and commit him or them to the common jail of such county, or to the workhouse of such county wherever one exists, for a period of not less than five nor more than thirty days, as the justice shall in his warrant direct, provided such person or persons so arrested may at any time be discharged upon the payment of any such fine and costs.

SEC. 9. Nothing herein shall be construed to prevent any person from taking fish in any manner and at any time for spawning purposes, by obtaining the consent of the owner of the premises where such fish are taken, if taken upon the enclosed premises of another; all laws and parts of laws in conflict with this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 10. WHEREAS, an emergency exists, therefore this act shall be in effect from and after its passage.

THE BILL TO ESTABLISH A BOARD OF FISH COMMISSIONERS.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, That it shall be the duty of the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, to appoint three persons, residents of this state, who shall constitute a board of fish commissioners. The persons so appointed shall hold their office for the respective terms of one, two and three years, the Governor designating the term each member shall serve as said commissioner from the time of their first appointment, and their successors to be appointed at the expiration of the several terms of office, and shall each hold their terms of office for three years.

SEC. 2. It shall be the duty of the persons so appointed to select suitable locations for state fish-hatching and breeding establishments; take all measures within their means for propagating and increase of the native food fishes, and, also, for the introduction of new varieties of food fishes into the public waters of the state, upon the best terms possible; to employ a practical and competent fish culturist as a superintendent, who shall have general charge and care of such establishments and perform all such duties as the commissioners shall direct. Said board shall not receive any compensation for their services, but shall be reimbursed their actual expenditures for traveling and hotel expenses, not to exceed, in any event, the sum of three hundred dollars per annum for the entire board. Provided, that if no appropriation be made, no expenses shall be incurred.

SEC. 3. The said commissioners, or any two of them, shall have authority to draw upon the state treasurer, from any appropriation made in pursuance of the purposes of this bill, as the same may be required to defray expenses incurred, and shall report to the governor of the state all and singular the items of such expenditures, together with the business transacted under their commission; such report to be made on or before the commencement of each fiscal year.

The following bill entitled "an act to amend section one of an act entitled 'An act to prevent the destruction of fish in the State of Illinois, and to secure the unobstructed passage of fish in all the waters of this state, wherein they were once accustomed to be found,'" approved March 22, 1872, will assuredly pass, and is just what is needed.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the people of the state of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly, that section one (1) of an act entitled "An act to prevent the destruction of fish in the State of Illinois, and to secure the unobstructed passage of fish in all the waters of this state wherein they were once accustomed to be found," approved March 22, 1872, in force July 1, 1872, be amended so as to read as follows:

SECTION 1. That no person shall place, erect to cause to be placed or erected any dam, seine, net, wire fish-dam, or other obstruction in or across any of the rivers, creeks, streams, ponds, lakes, sloughs, bayous, or other water courses wholly within this state, or in that part of such stream or water course wholly within this state, in such manner as shall hinder or obstruct the free passage of fish up or down or through such waters or water courses; and that from and after the adoption of this act it shall be unlawful for any person to use any seine or net for the purpose of catching fish, except minnows, in any of the waters of this state, the meshes of whose seine is less than two inches: *Provided*, that it shall be unlawful for any person to catch or take any fish other than small fish for bait, with any net, seine, wire basket, trap or any other device whatever, except with a hook and line or spear, within one-half mile of any dam constructed across any of the creeks or rivers of this state.

BONESETTER AND PROTEINE MATCHED.—The universal desire to have these two flyers of the trotting turf come together in a *bona fide* match, will now be gratified. This was brought about during the attendance of the respective owners at the meetings of the Board of Review in this city, and on May 14 the conditions were signed, which are virtually as follows: Messrs. John Kohley & Co., of Cincinnati, O., owners of Proteine, and Mr. H. V. Bemis, of Chicago, owner of Bonesetter, agree to trot their horses a match race in harness, mile heats, 3 in 5, on July 19 next, over the track of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club, for $5,000 a side, good day and track. Five hundred dollars from each was deposited in the hands of Mr. Alvin Hulbert of the Sherman House, the balance to be deposited with the treasurer of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club on or before the day of the race. Should the day and track be unsuitable, then the next good day and track, provided it does not interfere with any day of the July trotting meeting, the same, however, not to exceed ten days from July 19. As an additional attraction to the day's sport, the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club will offer a "purse of $1,000—$500 to first, $350 to second, and $150 to third, free for all double teams. Regarding the Bonesetter—Proteine match, we certainly hope that both will be fit and well to trot for a man's life on the appointed day, as there is a deeper feeling in the match brought about by the unsatisfactory decision of the judges, than is apparent on the surface.

ANOTHER MATCH, AND THE WINNER OF THE JOE JR.—GLADSTONE MATCH CHALLENGED.—The following letter we have received from Mr. Henry Malcolm, of Baltimore, Md. As will be seen, Mr. Malcolm has accepted Mr. Taylor's challenge; and challenges the winner in the Joe Jr.—Gladstone match. Malcolm is said by those who have seen him in the field to be a rattler. He is a Gordon setter, and was bred by Mr. Jas. R. Tilley, of Locust Valley, L. I., and is out of his Dream by Munn's Duke of Gordon. Dream is out of Tilley's Mab by Copeland's Shot. A portrait of Malcolm appeared in our issue of March 15.

BALTIMORE, MD.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—Mr. Isaacs, Jr., of Richmond, Va., sent a challenge here from Mr. T. F. Taylor, of same place, to hunt the best dog in Maryland for one or three hundred dollars. I immediately sent him word I would hunt Malcolm for four days in Virginia on November 5, 6, 7 and 8, 1879. He names his setter King. This will make a good hunt.

I will be obliged if you will also state that as soon as Joe Jr., and Gladstone finish their hunt and I finish mine with Mr. Taylor, that I challenge the winner of the same, with Malcolm. The purse shall be made to suit. All preliminaries for this last hunt shall be fixed through you, with your permission, as soon as the winner is announced.

H. MALCOLM.

THE BOARD OF REVIEW.—Meeting pursuant to announcement the Board of Review of the National Trotting Association convened on May 12, at the Grand Pacific Hotel, this city. The following officers were present: Col. C. W. Woolley, president; Edwin Thorne, first vice-president; Judge James Grant, second vice-president; Wm. Edwards, George Sturges, and Chas. L. Hunt. As there is a long docket to be disposed of, the sitting of the Board will be probably continued to the end of the week. As we go to press the cases disposed of principally related to suspensions for non-payment of entrance money. The following cases are on the docket, and will attract considerable interest. The Proteine—Bonesetter matter, on application for a rehearing by H. V. Bemis, owner, and Frank Van Ness, driver of Bonesetter, from the decision of the judges in the 2:20 class rate at the Fall meeting of the Chicago Jockey and Trotting Club; and the National Association against Gus Glidden, Morrill Higbee, and whom it may concern, in the Edwin Forrest race at Utica, last season. The decisions of the Board will be given in our next issue.

THE ENGLISH FIELD TRIALS.—In our Kennel department will be found a cable dispatch of the winners in the Field Trial Derby, run on the 7th, 8th and 9th, from our special representative, Mr. Joseph H. Dew; also, a report of the National Pointer and Setter Trials, run April 22, 23 and 24, from our special reporter Venator. In the National Trials Mr. Macdonna's Ranger was defeated in the All-aged Setter Stakes, by Mr. Llewellin's Count Wind'em, litter brother to the Harvard Kennel Club's Countess II., which was so successful at the recent Boston show. Count Wind'em is by Count Dick (Dan—Countess) litter brother to the Harvard Kennel Club's Countess Vesta and Countess Ada, and is out of the pure Laverack bitch Phantom, sister to Petrel, Pearl, Peress and Pickles. It will, therefore, be seen that we are rich in the blood in this country. In the same trials, second in the Pointer Puppy Stakes was won by Jessie out of Folly, sister to St. Louis Kennel Club's Faust.

THE BOSTON SHOW.—A full account of the Massachusetts Kennel Club's show will be found in our kennel department, from our special reporter Gothamite. Not only from him but from several private letters we have received, the show is generally regarded as having been a grand success, not only in the number and quality of the dogs, but in the judging and attendance. The decision of the judges in the very large majority of instances gave satisfaction. Of course it would be impossible to expect all of the losers to be satisfied, but all felt, as they could not otherwise but feel, that where the judges differed from them it was an honest difference of opinion. The attention and courtesies extended by the members of the Massachusetts Kennel Club to the exhibitors received the warmest encomiums. The Athens of America, in dog shows as in everything else, is never behind. Mr. Godeffroy writes us that he regrets it was impossible for him to be present with his kennel.

THE NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY MEETINGS.—President Eaton, of the New Jersey Sportsmen's Association can't fix a date for the meeting as he can't get any birds. President Lamberton, of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, has his coops ready but has not been able so far to get any birds. The date, therefore, at which the convention will meet at Rochester is uncertain. The Monroe County Sportsmen's Club, under whose auspices the convention will be held this year, have elected the following delegates to it: W. J. Babcock, Seth Green, E. G. Billings, W. S. Kimball and L. A. Pratt.

A STRANGE INCIDENT.—On Monday morning last a woodcock flew into the hall of the Clifton House, corner of Wabash avenue and Monroe street. Messrs. Munger Bros., proprietors of the Clifton House, sent it over to us with the request that we would have it taken out of town and liberated, which we had done. On Wednesday morning another woodcock flew into a window at the corner of Washington and Dearborn streets, and was captured and taken to F. P. Taylor's store, from where it was sent into the country to be liberated.

THE COCKRELL FUND.—From the Marshalltown, Iowa, Shooting Club we have received $5.15 with the hope "that other clubs will do likewise, as it will be but a small tax on each member and be doing a generous act to a suffering fellow sportsman." Kit Killbird sends us one dozen of his "Dog Paths to Success" to be sold and the money applied to Mr. Cockrell's benefit. The price is 50 cents each. On receipt of amount we will send a copy. Who wants one?

THE CHICAGO FIELD $4 a year; $2 for six months; $1 for three months. Three copies to the same post-office address one year $9.

THE STATE MEETING ADJOURNED.—In consequence of the impossibility of obtaining a sufficient number of birds the convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association have been postponed to some time in June. The exact date will be fixed and due notice will be given so soon as the president, Mr. Lincoln, is satisfied that the number of birds requisite will be on hand and in good condition.

THE AUDUBON CLUB, JACKSONVILLE.—At the recent meeting of the Audubon Club, Jacksonville, the following delegates were elected to the annual convention of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, at Peoria: George Hayden, Chas. Henry, Wm. Benson, J. V. Read and D. M. Simmons. The chairman of the delegates was instructed to invite the convention and tournament to meet at Jacksonville in 1880.

THE AUDUBON CLUB.—At the meeting of the Audubon Club, Chicago, the following were elected delegates to the Illinois State Sportsmens' Convention, at Peoria: Chas. Kern, C. E. Felton, W. T. Johnson, Horace Silsby and T. Stagg; aiternates, Dr. N. Rowe, W. Foss and J. J. Kleinman. The delegates were instructed to select the team on the grounds.

A NEW CLUB.—The Rockford Gun Club has been formed by the sportsmen of Rockford, Ill., and the following officers elected: Henry Sears, president; Dan'l Miller, vice-president; Jno. T. Buker, secretary; H. W. Cotton, treasurer. Messrs. Keeny, Beard and Cotton were appointed a committee to draft constitution and by-laws.

PATIENCE.—Our friends must excuse us for taxing their patience still further by allowing several letters to remain unanswered, but we have never had a moment we could spare. Several questions also remain to be answered in our next.

GOTHAMITE.—Who is Gothamite is as much a conundrum as "Tom Collins," or "Who struck Billy Patterson?" You are all mistaken in your guesses, gentlemen. Try again.

Game and Shooting.

Sportsmen's Fixtures for 1879.

Iowa State Sportsmen's Association, Marshalltown, May 20.
Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, St. Louis, May 20.
Illinois State Sportsmen's Association, Peoria, May 27.
Kansas State Sportsmen's Association, Salina, Oct. 14.
Massachusetts State Sportsmen's Association—at call of president.
New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game Rochester, ——.

Shooting Canvas-Back at Currituck.

BY MONTE VAL.

"Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along."

It was the good ship Wyanoke that steamed out of New York harbor on one cold December day, and among her passengers were two amateur shooters bound for a southern clime and a week's shooting at Currituck Sound.

The writer and Fred were the shooters referred to, and we were now on our way to realize that which for a long dreary year we had been anticipating. The day we left New York was intensely cold, and our phantom ship wore masts of crystal. We were warmly wrapped in our ulsters as we paced up and down the deck waving our handkerchiefs a fond farewell to the shivering ones on the wharf, who to us were growing smaller and smaller, fainter and fainter, as our ship swung out into the bay. Old Castle Garden wore her mantle of white, and floating ice granulated and melted away before the huge prow of the Wyanoke.

Like the rest of the passengers on deck, we made friends with the "smoke stack" to keep warm, putting up with the disagreeable *odor* of burnt grease and fumes from the kitchen—which I will here say is putting up with a good deal, as will readily be vouched for by anyone who has ever made a sea trip, and been placed in the same position. Sandy Hook "Light Ship" was sighted just at dark, and as we turned our faces homeward we could see only two great fields of sparks. It was the cities of New York and Brooklyn lighted up for the night.

Our vessel now began to gently rise and fall on the billows, causing us for the first time, on this trip, to realize that we had just left a harbor of peace for a fretful and angry sea. On our way from the upper deck to the "companion way" we were invited by our good captain to step into the pilot house, where, sheltered from the stinging blast, we could see all that was to be seen—a great sea to the front and left of us, and a long, dark streak against the western horizon, which proved to be the New Jersey coast fading away. Happy folk were we, for we knew on the morrow we would be just so much nearer our shooting grounds, and again we went to our state room to see how our shooting paraphernalia was looking and standing the trip.

We were placed at the captain's table for supper—and here let me say that the Old Dominion Line set a remarkably good table. Fred was somewhat unsteady, lest from the continual rolling of our ship he should become seasick. Mind you, Fred had twice crossed the "big pond," and the good ship *Australia* for some twelve days had no charms for him.

Of course I continually kept twitting him about it, and as often as possible gently reminded him that he looked somewhat pale.

This was my first sea trip, and to be honest I had but little confidence in myself as regarded my anti-seasick qualities. To me everything seemed lovely until just before bed time a gentleman of color stepped nimbly into our state room, and upon the rail of each berth hung a kind of *soup tureen* with a cover held fast by two hinges. With a very sober face I was about to put my collar and cravat into this ill-proportioned "jewel box" when I chanced to catch the eye of Fred, and I saw that he was just choking back a good laugh.

"What do you call it?" said I.

"Oh, you're right!" said Fred, "that is a very good use to put it to, only these things are sometimes used as a sort of a *cuspadore* or a *spittoon*, you know. Fellers' suppers don't always set well on their stomachs when at sea, and these here things are very handy to have in reach, you know." I didn't know anything about it, but shut up my mouth, threw up the lid to the "gravy bowl" so as to "have it in reach, you know" and turned over for a sleep, while through the ventilator over head came pouring in the sweet music from those in the cabin who were in no hurry to retire.

Nothing of particular interest occurred until we sighted the "Rip-Raps" and Fortress Monroe, which were eagerly scanned by every passenger, and we all assembled on deck to watch for the first church spire of Norfolk and to see the many men-o'-war anchored in Hampton Roads.

Everything was now confusion and life on board our vessel; passengers gathering up their baggage, deck hands hurrying to and fro—for here we make the first landing. Running at half speed, our steamer carefully threaded its way up the harbor until when we were within two hundred yards of the wharf our "four-pounder" belches forth a mighty salute from the "fo'k's'le," and we were there.

We sorely miss the express conveniences of New York city, but after some delay we got a cart driven by an immensely big mouthed "dusky diamond," to transfer trunks, etc., to the hotel. A good room in the hotel makes us comfortable for the night, and we retire only to get up the next morning at 4 o'clock to proceed southward on our journey.

The dim kerosene lamp swings carelessly back and forth, and the wheels turn mechanically on our little steamer Cygnet, as we swing down for the Elizabeth river and the Dismal Swamp canal. Our little steamer measures scarcely thirty feet over all, is a side-wheeler, and has a horizontal engine placed on the main deck. To us, this was a strange ride, as we kept winding through a little stream scarcely wide enough to admit our little craft, and the country so monotonous. Our little steamer seemed to continually make retrograde movement as we wound our way through this very crooked stream, and at times it really seemed as if we were back to the starting place. All day long we threaded our way through this monotonous country of tangled marshes and fields of faded reeds.

Here, for the first time since leaving the city, we lay eyes on a canvas-back, and these were on a frying-pan, which was skilfully manipulated by a greasy looking darkey. We were terribly anxious to get to that place we had so often read about—the "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," where

"They made her a grave too cold and damp
For a soul so warm and true;
And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp,
Where all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe."

We could write no lines that could half so well describe this dreary place as these lines by Thomas Moore. How cold, how dreary and uninviting is this lonely spot, that seems really out of the world. The trees grow up only to again bow down weary and sore. The water, so dark and stagnant, seems to have died long ago, and we are left to imagine whither is its source and where does it find its way out to the sea.

We shudder when we think what a place this would be to spend a night in, and alone—

"But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!"

It is in passing through this swamp that we see our first "Mistletoe Bow," and this would not have been noticed by us had not a passenger pointed it out to us.

We are glad to get out of this dreary country, and feel greatly refreshed when we run out into an immense open bay, where the water seems to be healthy in appearance, and water-fowl from the duck to the great white swan make glad our hearts.

Our hearts strike hard against our ribs when by a deck hand we are told that we have not begun to see ducks yet. "Why," said he, "you will see rafts of 'em 'fore long, when we get a little further down." Sure enough, the deck hand was right. Redheads, canvas-backs, boobies and "blue-peters"—(as they are called here) swarm on every side and take wing by the thousand as our little steamer comes plowing through the sound.

We arrived at Poplar Branch, and put up with "the widow" Van Slyck (the headquarters for all northern gunners at the sound), long after dark. It was a mule and a hand made cart that took us up to the house from the landing, and such a shaking up! well, we never had before. We immediately negotiate for a room and a warm supper, which the genial landlady was only too glad to place at our disposal, and in fact do anything to make us comfortable.

Returning from supper we found that a battalion of a score or more gunners—natives—were waiting an interview. We found among them two men highly recommended, whom we engaged for boatmen. All the evening was spent loading shells and unpacking our luggage, so as to be ready for an early start on the morrow.

With the morning came disappointment, for we found it to be raining quite hard, and very bad weather for good shooting, as we well knew. How different had this storm only been snow—a good *nor'easter*—however, it took a good deal of wet to dampen our ardor, and we concluded to try it. Dressed from head to foot in rubber and *oilers* we found our way through the darkness to the landing, where our boats were secured, and our gunners after putting in each boat a good supply of "stools" composed largely of canvas-back and a few red-heads, we shoved off and struck for the lower bay. It was a long, wet, cold ride, and I felt greatly relieved when we came to our "blind."

Fred and his man put up about one mile north of us. It was hardly daybreak yet, and we set to work repairing our "blind" and putting out "stools." A rubber blanket is spread down behind the wet reeds, and each seated upon a powder keg we wait eagerly for the first ray of light, and the first sign of feathers. My boatman was not at all sanguine of good sport, in fact thought that the chances were that we would have pretty poor sport, for it was still raining hard, and ducks were not inclined to fly, but bob around in great rafts far out in the bay.

Here we sat chatting while the rain beat down upon us, when suddenly my guide grasped me by the shoulder, and at the same time whispered, "lay low!" I turned stealthily around and far off saw the familiar harrow-shaped lines bearing down upon us.

They were coming *dead for us*, but evidently did not see our "stools," for they were approaching from the rear of our "blind."

Like leeches we clung to that blanket, determ ned not to frustrate the first shot, and my man whispered "!They are canvas-back, shoot to kill." They were now near by and an old drake led the van. A long streak of fire shot up into the stormy sky and my breech-loader belched forth a terrible volley, and lo!—

* * * *

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
* * * *
Falls! and bites a Southern soil.

This was my first *real* canvas-back, and now that the ball had opened and the first blood had flown, I began to warm up and forget the great rain drops and the sharp cutting wind.

We again settle down behind our blind and in silence await for more signs of feathers.

While sitting here so quiet I hear the continual great bass honk! honk! of a thousand geese, and the tenor of a myriad of ducks that are continually passing south, and fully two miles away.

Far out in the bay beaten down by the rain lay rafts of ducks consisting of canvas-backs, red-heads and blue-peters.

How we longed for them to take wing, or the appearance of some craft to stir them up.

Again I became chilled through. Water in great drops stood upon my gun-barrels and my rubber blanket held here and there little pools of water.

It was evidently a very poor day for ducks. Our stools were bobbing around on the tops of a thousand little waves, and doing everything that little *wooden ducks* could do.

Presently we spied a van of ducks sailing close to the water and coming straight for us.

We almost held our breath for fear that they would go down before reaching our decoys; but we were not to be disappointed and made everything snug for their reception.

They seemed to be coming at a terrible gait, and when they were within about thirty yards we rose up and they soon discovered their mistake.

With wonderful sagacity they put up their web feet against the wind, but not soon enough to save them all, for we quickly had in two barrels each, and three ducks lay fluttering in the water.

We had scarcely time to gather them when two red-heads came bearing down upon us, but awfully high, and very fast. I managed to put in one barrel but only to the seeming delight of the old drake who returned the compliment by his drakeship's quack! quack! quack!

This was the last shot fired by either of us that morning, and after waiting patiently—as only a lover of duck shooting can—we pulled up stakes and setting the sails of our little skiff shoved off for home. We now turned into a little *bayou* where just in gun shot and making about as good time as ourselves, set two splendid canvas-back. Instantaneous my gun went to my face, and, but for the timely interference of my boatmen I should have sent at least one of them to join that "innumerable caravan."

Imagine, if you can, my disgust when I was coolly informed by my guide—at twelve *York shillings* per day—that I could not shoot from a boat!

"It's 'gainst the law down 'ere," said he, "for a person that don't live 'ereabouts to shoot from a boat, and he can't do it no how." He continued: "Only us poor folks whats don't own some lands, can shoot from a skiff. You *big folks* from the North can come down here and pay for shootin' privileges, and have all the best pints."

This was all new to me, and I began to think that I really had just commenced to cut my eye teeth. However, I reluctantly kept my gun down, and would you believe it those very ducks seemed to know all about Currituck ordinances? Why they just kept ahead of us and called back to us "shoot if you dare, you'll get ten days," etc., etc. I don't like to shoot a duck while setting on the water, but upon my word I would like to have given them just one "rake."

Passing through the "narrows" we met Fred and his boatman. They had had better sport than we and their bag numbered sixteen. We were terribly cold and awful glad to reach the landing. Several days we passed similar to the one just related, and it would be to the reader monotonous if I should here record each day's work.

Christmas morning did not dawn bright and fair, but a snow storm such as is seldom seen south of "Mason & Dickson's line" was prevailing. So hard was it snowing that we could not see the old wind mill which stands scarcely two hundred yards from the house. We were sorry to see this storm, for "the widow" had promised us a regular Southern Christmas, the programme including a shoot for a live deer, and the *darkeys' delight*, a regular old-fashioned turkey shoot.

To those who have often been on excursions like this, it is not necessary to say how we put in the day, and how much real solid fun we had. It is wonderful what a time a party of shooters can have when really compelled to remain in *durance vile*.

The boys were all in their woolen stockings and slippers, and there was a noticeable absence of high top rubber boots and *tarpaulins*. A new "back-log" is with difficulty rolled in the old fire-place, and a damp woolen sock is drawn down over both andirons to dry. The atmosphere overhead is *somewhat* smoky as we all with pipe in mouth draw around the cracking fire. Such a debate as we had! I don't know what all we didn't argue, from *coarse vs. fine* shot to *choke vs. cylinder* bored gun barrels. "Our member from Boston" gave us a very interesting sketch of the *fauna* of North and South Carolina, but was brought to an untimely end by "the widow," who just then came in the room with an immense bowl of hot lemonade.

In the center of the room, with head bowed down on his left hand, sits "our member from Worcester," oblivious of all surroundings, for he is at his favorite game, *solitaire*.

A coon for dinner served *a la Southern* is surely a novelty to us, but we are *au fait* in the eating line, and slowly but surely Mr. Coon disappears from sight.

This is the way we spent Christmas, and now the scene shifts to the *blind* just opposite "Currituck Light."

* * * * * *

"I say, Mr. ——," said my gunner after very prettily bringing down a widgeon at very long range, "that wasn't a very bad sort of a shot for my old muzzle-loader."

"You are right," said I, "but keep down, here comes a solitary red-head." Another little white cap yonder and down he goes out of sight, shot dead with my little breech gun, not further than twenty-five yards away. The ball keeps rolling, and down comes five canvas-backs—too bad, they cut a "pigeon wing" when almost within gun shot, and we drop down closer than ever to wait for more. Seven geese pass directly over us but too high up for even our young cannon to reach them. A dozen or more "dipper ducks" are swimming around our decoys, and occasionally come in so close to our "blind" that a ten-foot pole could knock them over, but we pay but little attention to them and do not molest them. Here comes three canvas-back for our decoys, they are flying very close to the water, and we again hold our breath for fear they will go down before reaching us, but they keep on with steady and short strokes of their wings, little suspecting what a deadly battery awaits but ten strokes of their wings. Three well-directed shots made prisoners of those, who, but a moment before were as free as the clouds and capricious as a March wind. The ducks were flying well and we were having a glorious time. It was boom! boom! boom! down below and we were quite sure Fred was getting the "lion's share."

The sun was fast hiding itself, and we knew it would be dark by the time we reached the landing, so shoving off our little skiff laden with ducks of several varieties, we headed for home, running with the wind. It took us a good portion of a day to pack our birds in barrels ready to be shipped North, and the vessel that bore those birds home took with them their destroyers.

"Did you have a good time?" we were asked. "Never better," we reply. "And you found any numbers of birds, and the shooting as good as represented?" Had we not read sporting literature for some time, and been on many similar expeditions, we should have been compelled to have answered our interrogater in the negative. This, my reader, is true.

Cut down these tremendous big shooting scores about one-half before going, and you will never be disappointed. Have you never when out on some of your woodcock shooting trips on a Summer day, met a schoolboy whose face was so intelligent that you were prompted to say: "Johnny, do you know of any woodcock on this farm?" "Oh, yes; lots of 'em," he replies, and so frankly, too, that you say, "Lead on, I follow thee." With a face full of animation, this young "hopeful" points out, much to your disgust, a woodpecker, or perhaps a "high-hole."

I was once on an excursion similar to this, and when crossing a meadow chanced to meet the owner of the farm. "Have you any woodcock on your place?" I asked. "Quite a few," he replied, "but they do not come out of their holes to feed until about sundown." "Thank you," said I, and passed on, wondering if there was an impediment in my speech, and repeating to myself woodcock, woodchuck, but I couldn't make them sound one bit alike.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Those Who are Holding Ahead, Please Hold on a Minute.

PAINSVILLE, OHIO.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I certainly am not one of those desiring to secure cheap notoriety by this discussion, but neither am I willing to be misled by any Will-o'-the-Wisp into accepting as true that which I feel to be incorrect simply because some man with more reputation affirms it. My former article was written simply from a desire to excite discussion and secure an expression of opinion from the best sportsmen in the country. Actual knowledge is a "plant" of slow growth, even when rooted in Chicago, and the unsupported assertions or wild guesses of many writers are entirely insufficient to constitute a demonstration. It is a common thing for people with a pet theory to mangle facts in order to support it. The more correct course however is to carefully collate the facts and then deduce the theory which will support and explain them. The former method is undoubtedly the more gratifying to a man's vanity, but the latter is by far the more productive of correct and satisfactory results.

Incidentally it would be interesting if some of those advocating the theme of "holding ahead" would explain why it is that so many crack shots cover their game, and never under any circumstances permit themselves to do otherwise. I am aware Mr. Van Dyke claims that those who profess to "hold on" crossing game unconsciously carry their gun forward until at the moment of discharge, the sight is actually in advance. But such a theory does violence to the common experience of any man who has ever shot a gun. To stop a moving gun at the instant of firing is a natural impulse. To continue it in motion is a habit only to be acquired by long and arduous practice. No man ever unconsciously follows an acquired impulse. For this reason it might with more propriety be claimed that those men who appear to make successful shots by holding ahead of their game involuntarily stop their pieces at the instant of discharge than the reverse.

Personally my first experience with glass balls thrown straight away from the trap confirms this theory. For some time I found it absolutely impossible to continue the motion of the gun after the brain said "pull." Despite my utmost care the muscles refused to carry the gun forward at the instant they were employed in pulling the trigger, and as a result there was an instant of rest at the moment of actual discharge. As a consequence I fell into the habit of shooting over them, until continued practice enabled me to continuously carry my gun directly upon the moving mark, without any stop or diminution of speed, even at the instant of firing. With this ability once firmly acquired I now meet with almost uniform success by holding directly on the rising or falling ball. This of course is merely by the way of illustration.

Before and since the opening of this discussion I have taken pains to converse with many old duck shooters in this vicinity—men with years of experience in the field. With very few exceptions they say, "Hold on your duck if you want to kill him." Captain Oliver Andrews, of this place, an old gentleman of over sixty years' experience with the shot gun, who has killed ducks from one end of the lakes to the other, and as many of them no doubt as any man in Ohio, when spoken to on the subject said: "I never had any success in shooting ducks otherwise than in holding on the duck as nearly as possible, provided of course you followed him with the gun previous to firing. My opinion has always been that in any ordinary flight of a duck the motion of the gun would impart enough lateral motion to the shot to catch the duck somewhere in the circle, it mattered not whether the centre of the charge struck the duck or not, as the gun should scatter evenly, so that if the duck is caught anywhere in the circle of shot he must be killed."

The railroad illustration has absolutely no bearing upon the point at issue. There, both the projectile and the target are moving in parallel lines at exact rates of speed. In shooting at game the projectile receives its carrying force at a time when its lateral motion is only relatively the same as that of the game.

The real point to be decided is whether as the charge moves forward this lateral motion will increase throughout the line of its flight sufficiently to preserve its initial relation to the moving object. Freed from technical terms one of the primary laws governing moving bodies is, that whenever a projectile and a lateral force are communicated to an object at the same time, the latter will increase in direct ratio to the former, so that the segments of the two circles described by the moving point of discharge and a target on the same plain at which the projectile ultimately stops, will be identical. If any of those who are interested in this discussion have access to a shooting gallery I wish they would test the experiment mentioned in my former article, using a pistol in place of the "pea shooter." This fact of the relative increase of the lateral force once established, the theory of those who "hold ahead," is overthrown and disproved.

One of the most common faults of young lawyers is that they are too free in their admissions.

By availing themselves of this weakness older and more accute practitioners often succeed in winning their case through the short-sightedness of their opponents. Will-o'-the-Wisp, in admitting that any lateral motion at all is communicated to the shot practically, "gives away" his whole case. Why he is willing to grant that the motion of the gun will give a lateral motion of three feet to the charge instead of one foot and nine inches, or four foot and two inches, is one of those things no fellow can find out. By admitting a gain of three feet, a distance at least twice as great as that traversed by the muzzle of the gun, he admits the increased lateral force after the discharge. His only point is the extent of that increase. But having admitted the main facts of any increase at all, it now remains for him to prove why the projectiles sent after a duck should not follow the same law as those discharged at any other moving object.

In conclusion, if those who argue in favor of "holding ahead" are correct, every man must needs be a mathematician capable of solving an obstruse geometrical problem in the instant of time during which his eye and gun are following the game. To become a successful shot under that method it is necessary to calculate the distance to the bird, its rate of speed, the strength and quickness of his powder, and the time it will take his charge to pass over the intervening distance—a task that would, we opine, puzzle the coolest and best marksmen. Were we all Bogarduses, or Carvers, and had we all the same intuitive faculty of guiding the gun that they have, we might possibly find time to do it. But as we are not, our advice to the Will-o'-the-Wisp, our Chicago "plant," or any other man, is that they better cover their birds and take their chances.

NANIT.

Natural History.

Letters on Ornithology.

BY DR. ELLIOTT COUES, U. S. A.

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No. 21.—HISTORY OF THE RED-BREASTED, OR CINNAMON TEAL.—(Querquedula cyanoptera, Cass.)

It has not often occurred that an abundant bird of North America has been first made generally known from the extreme point of South America, and for a long time recognized only as an inhabitant of that continent. Yet this species furnishes such a case, having been early named by King, *Anas rafflesi*, from a specimen taken in the Straits of Magellan. It is, moreover, a singular fact, that it was first discovered in the United States in a locality where it is of very unusual and probably only accidental occurrence. It has not, to my knowledge, been found in Louisiana since its discovery in that state, at Opelousas, in 1849. Mr. Cassin notices this occurrence, in the journal cited above, as that of a bird new to our fauna, and subsequently makes the following remarks in his "Illustrations," etc.: "In a communication to us, accompanying one of the first specimens obtained by him (Dr. E. Pilate) and intended for the collection of the Philadelphia Academy, that gentleman mentions having occasionally seen it in company with other species of ducks, but regards its appearance as unusual in Louisiana." Our next notice, after Mr. Cassin's original one, is Prof. Baird's of 1852, also above cited. This author observes: "This beautiful species is now for the second time presented as an inhabitant of North America. * * It appears to be a common bird in Utah." The same year it is also given by Mr. Lawrence; the following one, Dr. Woodhouse recorded it as "very abundant throughout western Texas, New Mexico and California." In 1855, Mr. Cassin, in the work just mentioned, describes and figures the species, alluding to previous discoveries, and to the occurence of the bird in Chili, as shown by the collections of the United States Astronomical Expedition. By this time, it had become known as a bird of western North America at large, numerous fragmentary accounts having been given by naturalists attached to the various Pacific railroad surveys, who observed it in many different localities. Among these, Dr. Suckley's is of special interest. "I myself," he says, alluding to its previously noticed occurrences, "have carried its recorded habitat as far north as the Columbia river, where, at Fort Dalles, I obtained several specimens. Fort Dalles is situated about latitude 46 degrees, 45 minutes north. I presume this forms the northernmost limit of the species, excepting perhaps, a narrow point of the same general geographic region which, crossing the Columbia, extends north of Fort Dalles about 100 miles. This is the culmination northwards of the great wedge-shaped northern prolongation of the southern fauna, occurring in the arid interior of Oregon and Washington Territories. Near Fort Dalles this teal seems to be an annual Summer resident, where it breeds on the lagoons of the Columbia, and near the small lakes and pond-holes in the basaltic trap of the vicinity."

The cinnamon teal was found breeding in Idaho by Mr. Merriam, who took a set of nine eggs, containing large embryos, on the 29th of June, on Marsh creek. The nest was in swamp grass, and lined with down. The eggs of this bird are strictly oval in shape, one end being much smaller than the other—more so than is usual in this family. They are creamy-white or pale buff, not shaded perceptibly with the grayish or olive-drab so commonly observable in ducks' eggs. Two specimens, selected as extremes, measured 1.75 by 1.30 and 1.90 by 1.35, respectively; the set to which they belonged, now in the Smithsonian, was taken at Fort Crook, California, by Mr. J. Feilner. I do not think that the bird breeds in Arizona; at least, I have not been able to determine satisfactorily that it does so, as it always appeared to me to come in the Fall, in September and October, with other species of wild-fowl, and to leave in the Spring with them. But its movements are not yet clearly defined, especially since we have to take into consideration those of the South American representatives of the species. It has not yet been determined whether these are coincident in migration or not; but the supposition that they are so is the more improbable one. It is also a question whether the species was indigenous to both or only one of the divisions of the hemisphere; and if the latter, which one, and at what time did the migration into the other occur. Some may incline to the opinion that it was originally a bird of South America that only recently extended into our country, arguing from the extreme improbability of so conspicuous a bird as it now is remaining so long undiscovered. It being first detected in Louisiana, where it is now scarcely or not at all to be found, strengthens the belief that the Louisiana birds were among the first to appear in the country, at a time before the species determined for itself the habitat that it subsequently found best suited to its new conditions.

There appears to be nothing in the habits of this teal noticeably different from those of its well-known ally, the blue-winged, and probably little need be said on this score. But I never think of the bird without recalling scenes in which it was a prominent figure. I have in mind a picture of the headwaters of the Rio Verde, in November, just before Winter had fairly set in, although frosts had already touched the foliage and dressed every tree and bush in gorgeous colors. The atmosphere showed a faint yellow haze, and was heavy with odors—souvenirs of departing flowers. The sap of the trees coursed sluggishly, no longer lending elastic vigor to the limbs, that now cracked and broke when forced apart; the leaves loosened their hold for want of the same mysterious tie, and fell in showers where the quail rustled over their withering forms. Woodpeckers rattled with exultation against the resounding bark, and seemed to know of the greater store for them now in the nerveless, drowsy trees, resisting the chisel less stoutly than when they were full of juicy life. Ground squirrels worked hard, gathering the last seeds and nuts to increase their Winter's store, and cold-blooded reptiles dragged their stiffening joints to bask in sunny spots, and stimulate the slow current of circulation before they should withdraw and sink into torpor. Wild fowl came flocking from their northern breeding places—among them thousands of teal, hurtling overhead and plashing in the waters they were to enliven and adorn all Winter.

The upper parts of both forks of the Verde are filled with beavers, that have dammed the streams at short intervals, and transformed them, in some places, into a succession of pools, where the teal swim in still water. Other wild fowl join them, such as mallards, pintails, and green-wings, disporting together. The approach to the open waters is difficult in most places, from the rank growths, first of shrubbery and next of reeds, that fringe the open banks; in other places, where the stream narrows in precipitous gorges, from the almost inaccessible rocks. But these difficulties overcome, it is a pleasant sight to see the birds before us—perhaps within a few paces, if we have very carefully crawled through the rushes to the verge—fancying themselves perfectly secure. Some may be quietly paddling in and out of the sedge on the other side, daintily picking up the floating seeds that were shaken down when the wind rustled through, stretching up to gather those still hanging, or to pick off little creatures from the seared stalks. Perhaps a flock is floating idly in midstream, some asleep, with the head resting close on the back and the bill buried in the plumage. Some others swim vigorously along, with breasts deeply immersed, tasting the water as they go, straining it through their bills, to net minute insects, and gabbling to each other their sense of perfect enjoyment. But let them appear ever so careless, they are quick to catch the sound of coming danger and take alarm; they are alert in an instant; the next incautious movement, or snapping of a twig, starties them; a chorus of quacks, a splashing of feet, a whistling of wings, and the whole company is off. He is a good sportsman who stops them then, for the stream twists about, the reeds confuse, and the birds are out of sight almost as soon as seen.

Much as elsewhere, I presume, the duck hunter has to keep his wits about him, and be ready to act at very short notice; but there is double necessity on the Verde. The only passages along the stream are Indian trails, here always war paths. In retaliation for real or fancied wrongs—or partly, at least, from inherent disposition—these savages spend most of their time in wandering about, in hopes of plunder and murder; this, too, against each other, so long as the tribes are not leagued in common cause against a common enemy. On the day I have in mind, more particularly, we passed a spot where lay the bodies of several Apaches; from the arrows still sticking in them we judged, afterwards, that they had been killed by a stray band of Navajos. But this was not what we thought most about at the time; we were only four together, and this was close by the place we designed to spend the day in hunting and fishing. Contemplation of the decaying Indians was not calculated to raise our spirits; for though, of course, we knew the danger beforehand, and meant to take our chances, it was not pleasant to have the thing brought up in such a way. We kept on through the canon a little more cautiously, talked a little more seriously, and concluded to look for game in places where there was the least likelihood of an ambuscade. I confess that the day's sport was rather too highly spiced to be altogether enjoyable, and suspect that others shared my uncomfortable conviction of foolhardiness. However, the day passed without further intimation of danger; game was plenty, and the shooting good. Out of the woods, and with a good bag, we were disposed, and could better afford, to laugh at each other's fears.

Notes.

HOW TO PRESERVE SPECIMENS—And now that our feathered friends are with the advent of the mating season in full bridal costume, they furnish at this time of the year the finest specimens for private or public cabinets of natural history. It, however, often happens, that a beautifully plumaged and otherwise well shot specimen is lost on account of lack of knowledge, how to prepare it, or to ship it off, when it may be done satisfactorily by skilled hands. A fresh shot bird will keep a long time even in moderately warm weather, if its entrails are carefully drawn and common table salt be substituted. The same should also be liberally crammed through the beak down into the throat, as the feathers about the base of the beak are often first affected by incipient decomposition of the skin thereabouts. An addition of a few drops of carbolic acid along with the salt may also be employed to material advantage. If the specimen be wrapped up next in loose paper and packed in a well ventilated perforated box with a layer of charcoal above and below it, the chances are fair that it may be shipped even in warm weather for distances of several thousand miles, and come fresh enough in the hands of the taxidermist to be turned by his skill into a handsome and well preserved specimen. Strong poisons like arseniate of soda could be for like purposes advantageously employed, but their handling is dangerous and should only be trusted to experienced hands. It would be better on the whole to avoid its application, particularly when safer and more simple ways and means may be adopted. If positive safety is to be insured which is rather difficult in case of very large birds, where they are wanted to be in as good condition as those mounted fresh in flesh, it is simply necessary to remove by an incision under the wing or along the abdomen the whole body minus wings, neck and head. The skin of the latter may be turned over half way, and a quantity of salt rubbed in to prevent possible putrifaction. If the whole inside skin is next well rubbed over with common table salt and filled with wet hay or straw, the specimen thus treated will keep well enough for a couple of weeks and arrive in as pliant and fresh condition, as if it had been shot the day before. Whenever identification alone of any bird is desired, it is simply necessary to preserve neck, head, foot and tail of the questionable specimen, which, by employment of a fraction of the above mentioned precautions, will bear delays of weeks and afford still indubitable evidence. All written or verbal descriptions, no matter how elaborate, should be avoided whenever it is feasible to obtain the species itself, which tells its own story best, and admits of no misconstruction.

THE RUFFED GROUSE AND SNIPE.—It is within reach of acute observation to determine accurately how the ruffed grouse produces the peculiar drumming sound with which every habitue of the woods is familiar, since the bird may be, under favorable circumstances, watched for hours, and affords by his conspicuous movements tolerably correct data. It becomes, however, a more difficult problem to prove how the snipe produces the peculiar drumming sound, which sounds so sweetly to the gunner, who, after a long Winter's forced rest sallies out on the first fine Spring day to see if Scolopax has arrived from its Southern Winter home. The highest notes are, so far as our observations extend, not produced until the bird with wings almost closed makes a quick downward dart, whereby he would be able to increase the rapidity of the movements of its wings, by which the noise is unquestionably generated. It is doubtful, whether all of the male birds of this species possess the power of producing this characteristic noise, which sound is, on the whole, exceptional, when taking the vast usual number of Spring arrivals into consideration.

THE AMERICAN BITTERN.—It may not be known to many people that the American bittern (*Botaurus lentiginosus*) is an excellent bird for the table, surpassing in this regard most of our marsh birds. We may look upon it as a sort of an overgrown rail, which it resembles in many respects, with the exception perhaps of its longer beak and the manner of obtaining its food. Good specimens often command the sum of ten shillings in the London market, where they are highly esteemed on account of the flavor of their delicate flesh.

CORRESPONDENTS, ATTENTION.—The many observing correspondents of the CHICAGO FIELD scattered over different parts of the country from Oregon to Maine and South Florida, would aid largely the interests of science by taking accurate notes of the departure and arrival of the many migratory birds which reside in their vicinity during Winter and Summer. A comprehensive statement of such facts embracing nearly the entire range of the continent would be of high value to ornithological research.

[KENNEL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 215.]

Mr. Lipscomb's red Bill, by Dick—Hetty, 3 years, 4 months, beat Mr. Henry Platt's black, white and tan Darkey, by Rhyl—Dolly, 1 year, 10 months.

Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's black, white and ticked Count Wind'em, by Count Dick—Phantom, 2 years, 3 months, beat Mr. Thomas Statter's liver and white Diamond, by Rob Roy—Jess, 3 years.

Mr. Elias Bishop's black, white and tan Roger, by Frolic—Dumpsey, 2 years, beat Viscount Downe's liver and white Sam III., by Dash III.

Mr. G. Landre Macdona's Ranger, by Quince II.—Judy, 8 years (a bye).

Mr. R. Ll. Purcell-Llewellin's bk w t Count Wind'em, by Count Dick—Phantom, first prize, £40; Mr. G. Landre Macdona's w bk t Ranger, by Quince II., Judy, second prize, £20.

The interest, which had flagged somewhat during the aged pointer stakes, now began to revive, as it was known that Mr. Llewellin was going to run a clinker, Count Wind'em, the dog he won the first prize with at the Kennel Club's show at the Alexandra Palace, last Christmas, and that Mr Macdona's Ranger was also in the stake. It may not be out of place to say that Mr. Llewellin 'is not a member of the Kennel Club, but the setter men therein (some of whom, including the secretary, were at Chester) are very jealous of him, as they cannot stand against his kennel, which wins all over the country, both on the bench and in the field. He brings out a fresh set every year; he has, it is thought, got a better kennel of setters than all the rest of the breeders together. A *Llewellin* setter is a far more dangerous competitor than any *Laverack* that ever went on the bench or in the field. The former strain has all the quality of the *Laveracks*, with twice the size and constitution. To return, however, to the stake; the first competitors down, Blue Belle II. and Ben, pottered about for a long time, doing absolutely nothing, so were ordered up.

Count Wind'em made a sorry example of Diamond, for he hunted all round the latter and never gave him a chance, and his slashing style and telling gallop were much admired. He soon found a brace of birds and stood them, but Diamond eventually coming up, ran past him and took up his point, so the verdict was given for Wind'em.

Roger and Sam III. had rather a dreary trial, as the rain, which had been falling steadily all day, now began to increase. Sam, quartering his ground in good style, false pointed two or three times, but Roger's mode of beating his ground was of the haphazard order, so that when Sam at last found game and Roger declining to back, they were taken up, no flag going up for either.

Ranger, who had been drawn a bye, was then sent down against Bill, who had won the first tie of the stake. Bill, going like a potterer, first found birds, and was backed by Ranger. A pheasant next rose in a hollow in front of Ranger, and he dropped. It was difficult to say whether he pointed or not. After this, going at a slashing pace, he slid down a bank into a brook, and on clambering up on the farther side, in fact, breaking fence, he came upon a brace of birds on the top and pointed them. On being brought back he made a point where the judges had seen birds rise, so the verdict was given in his favor.

Wind'em then went down against Roger and Sam, successively, soon disposing of both. Still going on, Wind'em having already won three ties, Ranger was sent down against him for the final. It was odds, however, on Wind'em, who, although as fast as Ranger, had far too true a nose to flush, a quality which Ranger does not possess; his sensational style of going and pointing having won him more trials than actual merit, for he always was an inveterate false pointer and flusher; not seeming to discriminate by his nose whether the scent is that of game in front of him or cold, down he goes and sticks there: or if it is faint does not mind it at all. In the present instance, Wind'em going across wind very fast, turned and pointed a hare; Ranger then flushed a brace of birds twice badly, and would not drop, but when he did, Wind'em catching sight of him down backed him instantly. The judges, therefore, gave Count Wind'em first prize and Ranger second. Many gentlemen present stated that they considered Wind'em the grandest looking setter that has ever appeared at any of the trials, while the way in which he does his work speaks for itself.

CLOVERLEY STAKES—Braces—Dogs and bitches—Pointers or setters—£10 10s. each. Pointers—First prize, £30. Setters—First prize, £30. The second best brace of either breed, £30. Absolute winning brace of either breed, £10 added.

Mr. George Pilkington's Garnet, liver, white, and ticked, by Tory—Jessie, 3 years, and Tory, liver and white, by Drake—Mab, 6 years, pointers.

Duke of Westminster's Rosa, black and white, by Rector—Moll, 1 year, 9 months, and Minnie, liver and white, by Duke—Judy, 2 years, pointers.

Mr. R. Ll. Purcell Llewellin's Norna, black, white, and tan, by Dan—Nellie, 4 years, 6 months, and Novel, black and tan ticked, by Dan—Nellie, 3 years, setters.

Viscount Downe's Duke, black and white, by Sam—Flash, 4 years, and Dan, black and white, by Sam—Flash, 4 years, setters.

Mr. R. J. Lloyd Price's Dandy Drake, lemon and white, by Drake—Nimble Ninepence, 2 years, 2 months, and Bow Bells, liver and white, by Bang—Bell, 3 years, 2 months, pointers.

Sir T. Barrett Lennard's Priam, liver and white, by Bang—Teal, 2 years, 1 month, and Scamp, liver and white, by Bang—Teal, 2 years, 1 month, pointers.

Mr. Statter's Diamond, liver and white, by Rob Roy—Jess, 3 years, and Dart, black and white, by Rob Roy—Daisy, 3 years, setters.

Mr. H. Platt's Darkie, black, white, and tan, by Rhyl—Dolly, 1 year, 10 months, and Dip, black and white, by Rhyl—Dolly, 1 year, 10 months, setters.

Viscount Downe's Mite, liver and white, by Mars—Jilt, 4 years, and Jane, liver and white, by Mars—Jilt, 4 years, pointers.

Mr. Barclay Field's Riot, liver and white, by Drake—Romp, 6 years, and Nora, black, by Mango—Romp, 2 years, 7 months, pointers.

The meet on Thursday was at Ashford Village again but the drenching of Wednesday and the morning being so very wet, many of those who had put in an appearance on the first two days evidently did not care to get what looked like a certain wet jacket again, so the attendance on Thursday was comparatively scant. The rain, however, ceased and the day proved a charming one.

Garnet and Tory his sire opened the ball, and in the second field tried by them Garnet going in beautiful, even form and hunting with his head as well as his nose, found two brace of birds, his companion backing each point. Garnet, however, spoilt what would have been a very fair brace performance by declining in a marked way twice to back his companion's points; so they were ordered up.

Rosa and Minnie began by ranging in very nice form, working fairly well together, and the former getting rather too close on his game flushed birds as she was about to stand. Each then pointed on same scent but no game was found but a hare went away afterward from the same direction in which they had pointed and a pheasant also was flushed farther up by the hedge. They then pointed once more each but no game was found, and the next brace was ordered down.

Norna and Novel, this brace was made up at the last moment. Nora had been brought to Chester to run with Novel, with whom she had been in training, but she went amiss the day previous to the draw, so Norna was telegraphed for and she came up to scratch slightly advanced in pup and fat as a pig, having done no work since the end of last season. When sent off, however, they went in slashing style, quartering their ground one on the right of Mr. Buckell and the other on the left. Norna soon found a brace of birds in good style and Novel backed; the latter in her next cast crossed where the same birds had risen and pointed, Norna backing. Novel then pointed false twice but Norna was unsteady at backing; afterward on getting on foot scent Novel began to draw up, but a pheasant rose and it looked something like a flush, she however dropped to wing. The precision with which this brace quartered their ground and their general style of hunting was very fine.

Duke and Dan, the next brace down, were remarkably cautious and rather slow. They were started off in a rough piece of grass, and a brace of birds was found by Dan within a hundred yards of the starting point, and his companion backed well. Duke next pointed and was backed, and Dan did ditto, Duke backing, but no game was found to either point, but the judges said birds had run across from the hedge to the next field. This brace was then taken up, and although they quartered systematically they lacked pace, and would take a long time to beat a hundred-acre field.

Dandy Drake and Bow Bells had a very favorable opportunity to distinguish themselves, as game and good cover fell to their lot. Dandy Drake has however got no nose, and Bow is inclined to pull up on scent without discrimination. Bow first began with a false point, Drake backed. The latter then three times in succession flushed birds, never seeming to wind them till within six feet of them. Bow then got one good point and was well backed, and the brace was then taken up.

Priam and Scamp, first and second for last year's Derby, behaved badly, and one would imagine that they had not seen game since. Priam hunted a hare out of the field and Scamp was with difficulty restrained, and both showed an utter want of merit.

Diamond and Dart, as slow as cart horses, pointed a hare or two and pottered up another, and although fairly broken were not at all up to trial form; they would make a good brace in very small enclosures.

Darkie and Dip did very little better than the former brace. Darkie began by a false point, Dip backed; the latter then, although going very slowly, flushed a brace badly, both dogs dropped to wing. Each then pointed on the same scent, but they left their point and a hare was afterward put up from the place. Darkie worked in fair style but was handicapped by Dip, whose nose and pace are both sorry.

Jane and Mite literally did nothing but false point and back during the whole of a short trial, so more taken up without more ado.

Riot and Nora then went down in a capital piece of covert. Riot began by pointing a brace and was backed. Each then flushed, then Riot twice and Nora once pointed false; both however ranged well and backed each other.

Norna and Novel (the setters) were then sent off once more in a bare grass field, but Norna showing unsteadiness at backing (which unsteadiness consists in not dropping but turning and looking at her worker) put them out of the race.

Bow Bells and Dandy Drake were also given another chance, which they did not deserve. Drake however soon set the matter at rest by rushing right across Bow's point close to her birds, which he never winded; declining thus to back her, and showing an utter want of nose. This brace was put out of it.

Garnet and Tory then had another short spin, but they passed over a pheasant or two and a brace of hares, which they ought to have found; Tory however found one brace and Garnet backed. after a false point from Tory this brace was ordered up.

Nora and Riot were then sent off, and in a short spin Nora pegged a brace of partridges, and Riot flushed a brace down wind but dropped to wing. The judges now consulted for a short time and announced the following decisions:

The best brace in the stake, the Duke of Westminster's pointers—Rosa and Minnie.

The first prize for pointers—Rosa and Minnie.

The first prize for setters, Lord Downe's Duke and Dan.

Second best brace of either breed, Mr. B. Field's Riot and Nora.

The above account does not read well on paper, it is true, but it must be borne in mind that the fields were absolutely bare, and that hares, which swarmed, could be seen scurrying about each field as we entered it, having the ground heavily tainted with their scent, so that many of the so-called false points were undoubtedly to be accounted for by this circumstance.

VENATOR.

THE IRISH PUPPY CLASS AT PHILADELPHIA.—Baltimore, Md. *Editor Chicago Field:*—Your reporter at Philadelphia, makes this remark about imported Irish setter puppies, class 22: "In puppies, but one entry of but little merit, and most justly passed over." As to the one entry, he is correct, that entry being the Baltimore Kennel Club's Florence II.—first at the late New York show in a large class; but being sick she was not sent to Philadelphia. I trust you will make the necessary correction. So well do we think of her, that she is entered at Boston, and is now there, and will also be entered this Fall at St. Louis.

C. F. BANCROFT,
Sec'y Baltimore Kennel Club.

CROWDED OUT.—In consequence of the space occupied by our reports of the Boston bench show and English field trials, we are compelled to leave out our usual list of names claimed, whelps, visits, deaths and sales, together with several very interesting kennel communications, among them, "Retrieving," by Badger; "Aconite in Distemper," by Hawkeye and H. S. Magraw; two articles; "Breeding for What we Want," by A. C. Waddell: "Which is the Best Breed of Sporting Dogs?" by E. F. Stoddard; "Breeding for Sex," by Amateur; "Sporting Dogs of the Season," by Leatherhead; "Diseases of Dogs," by Dr. A. E. Buzzard, and several other communications, which will appear in our next issue.

MORE IMPORTATIONS.—Topeka, Kan.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—We have received Regent, our pointer bitch, in whelp, imported from the kennel of Mr. Whitehouse, England. She is orange and white, and the finest bitch to my eye I have seen of the pointer importations. She has a fine, clean cut head, a more than usually fine neck, in fact she is a good one. Penn, our Laverack, at least thirteen-sixteenths Laverack, was shipped to us on the 22d of April, but unfortunately was not in time for the Boston show, where he was entered.

A. C. WADDELL.

CARLOWITZ.—Mr. Horace W. Gause, of Wilmington, Del., has purchased from Mr. VonCulin the pure Laverack setter dog Carlowitz.

Trap Shooting.

THE LOUISVILLE TOURNAMENT.—Louisville, Ky.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—We are sorry to announce that on account of the failure of bird dealers to make a catch of wild birds in time, we are necessarily compelled to postpone our tournament to the 16th of June. We have succeeded in obtaining quite a number of tame birds, but not enough to shoot out our programme as advertised therefore, in justice to many sportsmen who will attend, we have deemed it proper to postpone, and will guarantee to all sportsmen that we will have plenty of birds, that our programme will be carried out as advertised, and that our tournament will positively commence on June 16 and continue five days.

GRIFFITH & BARBOUR, Managers.

Glass Ball Shooting in California.

NAPA, CAL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The regular match of the Napa Sportsmens's Club took place yesterday. It was found impossible to obtain pigeons, owing to the great demand for birds, in consequence of the prospective tournaments throughout the state, and glass balls were substituted. Nine members contested; 30 balls each; 18 yards rise. Huber revolving trap, Bogardus rules. There were five prizes as follows: First prize, the Club's silver cup; second prize, $8 in coin; third prize, $6 in coin; fourth prize, $3.50 in coin; fifth prize, Club's leather medal and a copy of the CHICAGO FIELD for one year. Following is the

SCORE:

T. A. Pearson	11110 11100 01001 11111 10111 10110—21
J. Kean	01001 10111 00001 00011 11111 00010—15
J. West	10001 10111 10111 11101 11101 01111—22
J. Gridley	11111 11001 10111 11011 11110 10110—23
W. E. Deweese	11001 00111 10111 11011 11001 10111—21
W. West	01111 10101 11000 00011 11111 11111—21
A. Gridley	10101 00101 10101 11111 11011 00011—19
M. B. Pond	11111 11101 11010 11111 00010 10111—22
J. Karcher	10111 11011 10001 11111 10111 11111—24

J. Karcher was awarded the cup, having made the highest score, and J. Gridley the second prize.

Ties on 22 were then shot off at five balls each as follows:

M. B. Pond	10100—2	J. West	11011—4

J. West, third prize.

Ties on 21.

T. A. Pearson	10111—4	W. West	11111—5
W. E. Deweese	10101—3		

W. West, fourth prize.

John Kean carried off the club's leather medal (a very handsome one by the way) and a copy of the CHICAGO FIELD for one year, donated by the editor. The five highest scores each received a lithograph from Mr. W. H. Holabird.

First sweep, ten balls each, entrance $1; $5 to first, $3.50 to second, $2.50 to third, and $1 to fourth.

J. Gridley	11101 11110—8	N. Chapman	00011 10110—5
A. Gridley	00110 11101—6	W. E. Deweese	00011 01100—4
J. Karcher	11111 11111—10	O. Niel	10101 10000—4
W. West	10110 10011—6	N. L. Nielson	01111 00000—4
J. West	11111 11111—10	J. Kean	10000 01111—5
P. Pearson	10011 11101—7	M. B. Pond	11101 10010—6

In shoot off J. West won first money, J. Karcher, second; J. Gridley, third; T. Pearson, fourth.

The next was a sweep at double balls; 5 pair each; $6 to first, $3.50 to second, $1.50 to third.

J. West	11 01 11 00 01—6	T. Pearson	11 11 10 11 11—9
W. West	01 11 11 11 11—9	J. Karcher	00 10 01 11 01—5
J. Gridley	01 11 11 11 01—8	Smith	11 01 11 11 11 9
W. E. Deweese	01 01 11 01 01—6	N. Chapman	01 11 11 11 01—8
B. Deweese	01 01 11 11 01—7	O. Nell	01 11 10 11 11—8
A. Gridley	10 10 11 10 01—6		

In shoot off, W. West, first; Pearson, second; Smith, third.

Third sweep; double balls, five pair each; ten entries, $1 each; $5 to first, $3 to second, $2 to third.

T. Pearson	10 01 10 01 11—6	B. Deweese	10 01 10 11 11—7
W. West	11 10 10 01 11—7	J. Gridley	10 01 01 10 10—5
J. West	11 01 10 11 01—7	N. Chapman	01 00 10 10 10—4
Smith	01 11 11 11 11—9	F. Bassford	10 10 11 01 10—6
A. Gridley	10 10 11 01 10—6	W. E. Deweese	11 11 11 11 10—9

W. E. Deweese, first; Smith, second; W. West, third.

Fourth sweep; ten single balls; $3 to first, $2.50 to second, $1.50 to third.

J. Karcher	11111 10111—9	J. West	11111 11111—10
W. West	01110 11100—6	McClure	11010 11011—7
N. Chapman	10101 11001—6	W. E. Deweese	11111 11111—10
Smith	10101 11111—8		

W. B.

THE ZANESVILLE GUN CLUB.—Zanesville, O.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—The Zanesville Gun Club had their first match of this season yesterday, on their grounds in Millwood. There were eight of the members who participated in the sport, and, as the appended record shows, the aim was good. Six balls each, eighteen yards rise, Bogardus rules and trap. First match, entrance $1, to be one prize, winner to pay for all balls; all matches on same condition.

First match, $1 entrance.

J. Hartmeyer	111100—4	J. Beebe	111100—4
A. Dugan	010011—3	T. Hall	101101—4
D. Johnson	011111—5	P. Cary	011011—4

D. Johson wins money.

Second match, $2 entrance.

Hartmeyer	101101—4	J. Beebe	111111—6
Dugan	100000—1	Hall	100111—4
Johnson	010111—4	E. Beebe	100111—4

J. Beebe, winner.

Third match, $2 entrance.

Belknap	100010—2	Hall	101111—5
Holston	010001—2	Dugan	001011—3
Hartmeyer	001011—3	Stranathan	100100—2
J. Beebe	111111—6	Johnson	111111—6

Beebe and Johnson divided money.

Fourth match, $1 entrance.

Belknap	001111—4	Holston	011101—4
Stranathan	010110—3	Hall	111111—6
J. Beebe	111111—6	Hartmeyer	101111—5
Johnson	011111—5		

Hall and Beebe divided money.

Fifth match, $2 entrance.

Hall	111110—5	J. Beebe	011101—4
Belknap	110111—5	Stranathan	010011—3
Holston	101111—5	Hartmeyer	001000—1
Johnson	111001—4		

The tie between Belknap, Holston and Hall was shot-off at 21 yards, with four balls each—result.

Hall	1111—4	Holston	0100—1
Belknap	1111—4		

Tie between Hall and Belknap shot-off at 26 yards each, two balls each—result:

Hall	10—1	Belknap	00—0

Won by Hall. So ended our day's sport.

REMINGTON.

KEOKUK, ILLS.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—Enclosed please find score of Keokuk Shooting Club, for new gold badge, also score of glass ball match between J. R. Shuler and J. L. Brown, 50 balls each, Bogardus trap, 21 yards rise; also several sweepstakes shoots. The badge match was at twelve single birds each, the usual rise and boundary. The following is the score:

M. Berg	010100 010111—6	J. M. Huiskamp	010001 101110—6
P. Johnson	111011 111111—11	A. Bridgman, Jr.	101101 111101—9
I. L. Brown	011111 111110—10	H. Nichols	000101 001001—4
J. N. Welch	110111 011111—10	Gus Leisy	101101 010100—6
H. Daley	111001 101011—8	R. Leisy	011010 011111—8
J. W. Huiskamp	011111 110111—10	A. Ohler	111001 110100—7

Perry Johnson was declared the winner. The new badge is a very handsome one.

The glass ball match between Brown and Shuler resulted as follows:

Brown...11110 11011 11111 10111 11110 11111 10011 11111 01011 11101—41.
Shuler...11111 11101 11111 11111 01110 11111 11111 11111 11011 11111—47.

Several sweepstake shoots were engaged in, the first of which resulted in Brown, Worthen and Shuler breaking ten balls each, Shuler winning in the shoot-off.

In the second Leisy and Shuler tied on ten balls and divided; Brown, Worthen and Johnson tied on nine. In the shoot-off Worthen won the second and Holt the third prize.

In the next, Leisy, Robertson and Worthen tied on nine, which resulted in the shoot-off in Brown winning first prize; Shuler, second.

In the last match the score stood:

Huiskamp	11111—5	Watson	00000—0
J. Agny	00010—1	Holt	11111—5
Robertson	11110—4	Bowden	10101—3
Lucas	11111—5		

SNAP.

THE LYDSTON—EICH MATCH.—The challenge match between Messrs. Lydston and Eich, of the South End Shooting Club for $25 a side, 50 birds each, 26 yards rise, plunge traps, was shot on the club's grounds, on Friday last, tame birds being used. Lydston won by 1 bird. The birds were strong flyers and each lost several out of bounds.

SCORE.

Lydston	11110 10111 10111 10001 01101 11101 10111 10111 01010 11101—35
Eich	11001 11011 10100 01011 11111 10110 10100 11111 01011 11011—34

Amusements.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.—Miss Kate Claxton in the Double Marriage received a very gratifying reception from the hands of her hosts of admirers, to whom she gave added pleasure by her admirable acting.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.—Diplomacy at this house has received fair support from the public, and capital rendition by the company engaged in giving it.

HAVERLY' THEATRE.—The second week of the Colville company at this house has fairer promise of success even than the first, and the double bill of Piff Paff and Chicago Schooner Pinafore has met with universal approval.

Fish and Fishing.

BY FRED MATHER.

Trout and Shad.

These fishes have a flavor of springtime in their very names, and the stomach joins the palate in rejoicing that Winter is over and the season for these dietetical blossoms on the stem of Spring has arrived—that exclusive aristocrat of the Spring brooks who seldom herds with his kin, the dainty delicate trout, and that swarming democrat of the great rivers, the sapid, savory, succulent shad. The trout, never crowded on the market, holds its price quite steadily, but the gregarious shad becomes so plentiful before the season is over that this best of all fish is found on the table of the poorest in the land, and is infinitely the finest fish of the two in the mouth of any judge with a good palate who is not prejudiced by the fact that he caught the trout himself, or had on some previous occasion caught such a dandy swell amid the beauties of nature, and that he bought the plebian shad in the market.

A shad under four pounds weight is an abomination, but a fresh, fat roe-shad of six or more pounds, broiled, fried, or nailed on a plank before the fire, is the equal, if not the superior of any fish known to the writer, either in Europe or America.

It is true that epicure sportsmen have held and propagated a different opinion, based principally on the beauty, gameness and consequent solitary character of the trout, and the gregarious and non-sporting character of the shad, but when measured at the end of a line the shad has proved to be a foeman worthy of the steel of the angler, and in the fame of these fishes we can see the manner in which historians make heroes from some of the little, no-account wars of the olden time, where only a few hundred men were engaged and every man's name recorded and repeated to all posterity. But in the trampling battalions at Cold Harbor and Gettysburg there went down heroic men on both sides, enough to fill to overflowing all the histories, and as the fame of the solitary trout has been sung by the bards until its reverberations have multiplied it into exaggerations, we propose to sound a note of praise for a fish who, on the table at least, is not only his superior, but the peer of anything that swims; even if his numbers do lower his market value to the level of the workingman's table while the trout, only by its rarity, usually graces the silver salvers of the opulent. Occasionally one hears the remark that "trout are a fine fish because they have few bones," or the reverse of this epicurian absurdity: "I don't care for shad because they have so many bones!" As if a shad was to be bolted *a la* American railway eating house!

These expressions show that the speaker does not appreciate the flavor of either fish and only regards them as something with which to satisfy his hunger, and all the finer qualities, all *haut gout*, is thrown away on such a palate.

Depend upon it, my hasty-eating friend, if fish bones trouble you, your palate is lacking in the quality of nice discernment, and you do not clearly draw the line between eating and feeding. As there are eyes which are color blind, why not the same difference in palates? Only there seems to be no name for it, and that this does exist we are most certain, for it is not unfrequent to find a person who will declare that all fish taste alike, and to such unfortunates it seems a waste of pearls to place a trout before them when a sucker would taste exactly the same, or a luscious, *sapidissimus* shad, when a muddy-pond sunfish would impart the same flavor.

Salt and Earth for Trout Fry.

During the last trout-hatching season a very large number of fry died in the troughs of the Wisconsin State Fish Commission at Madison so suddenly that there would appear to be some hidden cause, outside of the ills that they are heir to, which took them all at one fell swoop.

The first we heard of it was in a newspaper article entitled "Sprinkled Salt on Them," in which the president of the board of commissioners, Mr. William Welsh, charged the superintendent, Mr. H. W. Welsher, with killing them by an application of salt and muck, and recommended his immediate removal. Knowing Mr. Welsher personally as a practical fish culturist of many years' experience, we forbore mentioning the subject in any manner until we knew more of its merits, and not until an investigation was made by the commission which was called to consider the subject in the latter part of April, notwithstanding the fact that we were continually receiving letters upon the subject.

The affair being now disposed of we will give the facts to our readers, in the interest of fishculture, as it has an interest to all who are practically engaged in trout-hatching in all parts of the world, and who are beyond the feeling of partisanship and its accompanying bitterness.

Our investigations developed the fact that trout fry have never thrived as well in the waters of the Madison hatchery as in most others; they having many and numerous ailments, and with a view to correcting this, Supt. Welsher on consulting with Mr. H. F. Douseman, a very successful trout breeder, who recommended the use of earth and salt in the troughs as a remedy, applied them. The facts are that Mr. Welsher did this and the fish died soon after. Then President Welsh demanded the dismissal of the superintendent and published an account of it in which he said:

"It is plain that such treatment would produce such a result, and might easily have been foreseen by non-experts in fish culture," and further characterized it as "insane treatment."

So far from being "insane" this has proved to be the practice of the most successful trout-breeders and the commissioners have received many letters to that effect.

On the 10th of March Mr. Welsher wrote the following letter:

MR. H. F. DOUSEMAN.—*Dear Sir:*—At what time do you commence to use salt and earth on the trout fry, and what is your theory of its use? Truly yours, H. W. WELSHER, Supt.

The answer came:

CHICAGO, MARCH 11, 1879.

MR. H. W. WELSHER.—*Dear Sir:*—Your favor of the 10th is at hand and contents noted. I begin to use the earth and salt as soon as the fry are hatched. The theory is that the salt purifies the water and the earth, over the gravel, covers up the impurities and gives them a tonic which they need. Very truly, H. F. DOUSEMAN.

In his work entitled "Domesticated Trout," the latest and best work on their culture, Mr. Livingston Stone strongly advises the use of these purifiers and deodorizers, and on writing to him, Mr. Welsher received the following reply:

COLD SPRING TROUT PONDS, CHARLESTON, N. H.

MR. H. W. WELSHER.—*Dear Sir:*—I hasten to reply that Mr. Douseman's theory concerning the use of salt and earth with young trout is, as you describe it, substantially the same as my own, and has always worked well here in New England, although I cannot say what its practical effects would be in the western states where the water and soil are so different. I will add, however, that I should think it hardly possible to raise trout here without the use of salt and earth. Very truly yours, LIVINGSTON STONE.

Similar letters were received from at least half a dozen of the most noted and successful trout culturists which entirely upset the charge of "insanity," and on the 30th of May the commissioners met and the proceedings are thus summarized in the Madison *Democrat* under the heading of "Wisconsin Fish Commission:"

"A meeting of this body was held, last evening, at President Wm. Welch's office, in the Tenney block. There were present the following members: Gov. William E. Smith, ex-officio; William Welch, Madison, president; Moses Hooper, Oshkosh, secretary; Mark Douglas, Melrose, Jackson county; John P. Antisdel, Milwaukee; Christopher Hutchinson, Beetown, Grant county.

"The question under consideration was whether Mr. H. W. Welsher, superintendent, would be retained at his present position. It was unanimously carried in the affirmative. This action of the commission will meet a hearty support."

We rejoice at this decision of the board, for Mr. Welsher is a very capable, practical man who has learned his business over the hatching troughs by night and day for many years.

If he has erred in using too much of a good thing it will not be likely to occur again, and there is even a doubt if he has so erred; perhaps some enemy hath done this! Who knows?

In any event it will cause fish-culturists to note how far the use of these materials can be carried with benefit. In our own experience we know that earth in the troughs is a deodorizer and after its use in a crowded trough the fry feed eagerly, and that in a state of nature the brooks are often muddy in the Spring of the year, while the fry are feeding. Of the use of salt we would advise more care, as sea water will kill the fry of even a six months old salmon if plunged suddenly in it, yet a limited quantity of salt is beneficial in destroying fungus and perhaps for other purposes.

President Welsh has undoubtedly been a little hasty in censuring both Mr. Douseman and Mr. Welsher when it does not seem to be very clear just what killed the fish, but not being a practical man he has probably erred in jumping at conclusions.

We hope that things will now go on smoothly and an increased vigilance will add much to the stock of trout next season.

Trout Fishing in Maine.

A correspondent of the Lewiston *Journal*, who signs himself "Angler," is very justly opposed to angling in the Fall when the fish are about to begin spawning, and has written several articles on the subject He says:

The former excellent trout fishing in other New England States, has for the most part become comparatively extinct, or so barren of results as to be but little attractive to the angling tourist. This lamentable fact is owing to the lack of timely and judicious legislative protection to these valued fish, during the time of their spawning, the autumnal months. Such a calamity, from the same cause, may happen to our noble State of Maine, which contains the best angling waters in the Union, but has already suffered severely from the destructive evils of trout fishing in the Fall.

I oppose the bill which has passed our legislature, approving of an extension of Fall fishing to as late as October. Fall fishers take trout with a fly, but they are anxious to fish in the Fall, because during that season, they know it causes them little exertion, owing to the fact that their boats can be anchored close to the spawning beds, where the spawning trout can be taken in abundance, being entirely at the mercy of such anglers at that critical season for these fish.

To slay these valuable fish, pregnant with untold millions of embryotic young, is a violation of the laws of Nature, and an outrage upon the sacred instincts of humanity. No reflecting, thoroughbred sportsman would do it. No political economist will sanction it. There is no good that can spring from such an evil deed as that. It is a crime against the interests of all the people of this state, moral, sanitary, financial. And I envy not the gladness of that angler's heart, nor the composition of his brain, who can find a pleasing recreation in the capture of such fish, at such a time, and a matter for boasting when he has made some large catch in the spawning time: for no noble nature can contemplate without abhorrence and disgust the, callous disregard of such a man for the inhuman and worse than useless destruction he has caused.

Some writer, to me unknown, has loosely and wrongly asserted that the reason why the trout catch in April or May is large, is because the anglers in those months confine themselves exclusively to "spoon" fishing, and trawling with minnow guys,—both of which are prohibited by law. I say this, and I affirm that it is a mistaken idea that our Spring and Summer anglers habitually use spoons or artificial minnows, "bristling with hooks," to use a phrase ventured by interested or misinformed parties. There may possibly be a few anglers, in the Rangeley and other lakes, who resort to that method of fishing, but I know of none, though I am a veteran angler, and imbued with a public spirit as strong as that of any man in our state. Further, I say if there were any who did so, I believe that they would gain nothing by so unwise a course, because a worm, minnow, or fly, is a much more tempting bait than such artificial means.

The laws for the protection of a great interest, that costs the state so little and yields so much, to all our routes of travel and to our hotels and country villages, can hardly be made too stringent. As many complain of the scarcity of fish wardens, I am in favor of an additional number of guardians, active, efficient and properly compensated, so as greatly to further the complete enforcement of all our wise trout laws, and thus to preserve and protect the finest waters for trout fishing, in the world.

I also advocate that the punishment for using set lines, grapnels, weirs, traps or any device other than fair angling with single-baited hook and line or fly, be fine and imprisonment; and that there should also be a forfeiture of all implements, boats, etc., used in illegal fishing, upon satisfactory proof, before the nearest magistrate, that they were so used. In all our game and fishing laws, even the *attempt* to commit the offense should be punished. A good example, in this respect, has been set by the Massachusetts law of 1878, which makes even the possession of trout, during the close time, a crime; and it has done much to close the market for such fish, during that season.

To sum up, I think the close time for trout fishing in this state should begin as early as September 1, instead of October 1, as suggested in the new bill; and I earnestly solicit the opinions of all experienced and conscientious anglers, on this subject.

Winter Habits of the Eel.

BY CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M. D.

As a contribution to the life history of that most interesting fish, our common eel (*Anguilla acutirostris*), I have to offer my field notes, with reference to finding a considerable number of them out of water, in one sense, and yet in perfect vigor, and voluntarily in the unusual locality where found.

It is well known that the eel will, of its own accord, leave a pond or stream and wander to another locality. This occurs, so far as I have been able to determine, usually, when having in spring, or during a freshet, found itself in a comparatively deep pond, it remains there, until the hot summer's sun has evaporated the water, or so lessened its bulk, that the eel finds the locality unsuited to its wants. In such a case, eels voluntarily leave the stagnating water of a land-locked pond, and with a serpent-like motion will pass through grass well wetted with dew, or during a shower. They seem to exhibit "a sense of direction" in their movements, and as I have tracked them, have always headed for the nearest stream. Should they meet with a stretch of dry, sandy soil, they are baffled, and fail to accomplish their intended journey, if there is no dewy bridge of grass over which they may cross. If their overland journey is during a shower, they have less to contend with, but so far as I have been able to determine, their land migrations are more frequently during evenings, when a heavy dew is deposited. As I have elsewhere treated of the habits of the eel in this respect, I will pass directly to the entries made on March 8th and 9th, with reference to these fishes.

In watching the progress of the work in grubbing and otherwise clearing a piece of swampy meadow-land, I was surprised to find, in mossy mass of earth and roots, of loose texture, through which water from a spring near by freely circulated, but not in such freedom as to enable any fish actually to swim, a group of eels, seventeen in number. They were not a tangled mass, so interwrapt as to suggest that they sought contact with each other for mutual aid or communicated warmth, but each was coiled in quite a snake-like manner, by itself, and while each was very near his neighbors, probably no two were in contact. On taking them up, they varied in length from six inches to a foot in length; they seemed somewhat sluggish, and indisposed to escape until revived, as it appeared, by the warmth of my hand, when they struggled to be free; and several readily escaped, as they were covered, as I subsequently found, by an unusually thick coating of slime. Their movements over the damp earth were quite unembarrassed, and I noticed that with nothing that I could detect, which gave evidence of the near proximity of running water, these escaping eels wriggled in a very direct line for the nearest point at which they could reach the ditch hard by. I suffered them all to escape but two, which I dissected. There was so small an amount of matter in the stomachs and intestines of those examined, that I judge they had been fasting during their semi-aquatic sojourn in the place where I found them.

Close examination of the locality showed that the spring-water did not and had not run as a stream from or through this spot; and while unusually high freshets submerged it, considering that it was on sloping ground, it could not be held that eels, reaching it during a freshet, had voluntarily remained, and further, more than a year has elapsed since the place was under water. There was every indication that these eels had voluntarily left the ditch, some fifty feet distant, and sought out this spring-hole, which from its southern exposure, and constant supply of water from the spring, was certainly a comfortable spot. But the question arises, is this a common occurrence? Further, do eels habitually hibernate, choosing ordinarily the soft, muddy bottoms of our deeper ponds, and the tidal portion of our rivers?

There is probably no fish of our inland and tidal waters that is so unsatisfactorily known as the eel, although the mystery of their breeding habits has been solved; and as their abundance is so great in almost every stream, it is to be hoped that some young naturalist will take it up, in earnest, and earn well merited laurels by elucidating the life history of our common eel.—*Science News.*

Annin's Trout Ponds.

Everybody has heard of Caledonia Creek, that wonderful stream, the temperature of which never changes but a few degrees, and in the limpid waters of which those speckled beauties, brook trout, are developed to a degree rarely attained elsewhere. But not everyone has visited this famous stream, and everyone who has failed to do this, has missed one of the most delectable things of life. On its banks, between Caledonia and Mumford, stand the state hatching houses, presided over by Monroe Green, and farther up the creek and near the head waters of the stream, are located the excellent fishing grounds and hatching house of James Annin, Jr., as enthusiastic a follower of the prime fisherman, old Izak Walton, as ever reeled a line or cast a fly. His place is the very paradise of fishermen, presenting attractions to those who would lure the finny beauties from their native element that cannot be surpassed by perhaps any other locality. Besides the fishing grounds alluded to, Mr. Annin owns a large and pleasant picnic grove, which is every year carefully raked clean of leaves and otherwise beautified in a manner that renders it as attractive for those who do not fish but wish to spend a day of genuine pleasure in the mottled shade and sunshine of a warm summer's day in a pleasant grove, as it is for the angler. Especially suited is the Annin grove for the visits of large picnic parties from some distance. The grounds are, besides being very attractive, broad and ample, and throughout their extent are scattered rustic seats, summer-houses, etc. Across the stream which flows through the center of the grounds are thrown several rustic bridges, and from the sturdy branches of some of the trees depend comfortable swings. In the season plenty of ice cream, candies, lemonade, cigars, etc, are sold on the grounds. Perhaps the most enjoyable feature of the place consists of the unrivaled trout suppers that are gotten up by Mr. Annin on long or short notice for his guests. The superior characteristics of the trout as an eating fish, when well cooked and served, are too well known, and it is only necessary to say to the reader that the fish of Annin's supper are treated in the most admirable manner, both in cooking and serving.

Half a mile above the ground, of which a faint idea only is given above, are the sources of the stream, several vigorous boiling springs, all within the radius of a short distance. The grounds are located about a mile and a quarter from the Mumford station on the State Line railway, and a somewhat shorter distance from the Erie and Central stations in Caledonia. It is highly probable that a large number of parties from various localities, including many Rochester companies, will take the opportunity offered by the warm weather of next summer, to enjoy a day's recreation there.—*Rochester Express.*

Michigan Notes.

DETROIT, MICH.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—I have just returned from a trip to Bay City and Saginaw. At Bay City I met Dan Fitzhugh, Jr., Judge Holmes, Carrier, McLean, and many others who take great interest in all matters appertaining to sportsmen; all are striving to have proper game laws enacted and when they are they will see that they are enforced. It never has been my lot to meet a more genial lot of men, and I feel under very many obligations to them for their kindness and hospitality.

I was invited by Judge Holmes and Fitzhugh to visit their houses and view their dogs and guns and camp equipage, and I can assure you it was a pleasant sight. The judge has some six guns, rifles, single and double, sporting and Creedmoor; double barrel fowling pieces, also fishing rods of all kinds; well, in fact, the judge has a great variety of everything belonging to the sportsman's line, and is a great enthusiast as such.

My friend Fitzhugh has as fine a lot of rods and fishing tackle as anyone would wish to own. He has two or three very fine Norris rods; of course they are beauties. The old trunk and book of flies that were bequeathed him by an old friend, are a curiosity to be looked at with pleasure.

I shall ever hold in grateful remembrance my visit to Bay City. My friend, VanDusen, of the Frasier House, is worthy of sportsmen's patronage in every respect. He is a thorough sportsman, and a fine gentleman. I could mention scores of others, but time and space prevent.

At Saginaw I spent but one evening, and that I spent with Prof. H. B. Roney, the energetic secretary of our State Sportsmen's Association. I found him wide awake on the subject of game laws, and all matters appertaining thereunto. He is the man for the place, for he is possessed of pluck and energy. Would to heaven we had a few more like him in every place in the state.

I fear our state legislature is intending to kill our fish commission bill and not vote sufficient funds to carry it on. Should they do so, it will be regretted by the people throughout the state, as we are just beginning to see the good effects of fish culture. I sincerely hope they will do the right thing by the commission, and give them the amount they ask for.

Canniff, I hear, is up the river shooting snipe. W. J. Mason and family are at the South Channel Club House, for a few days' fishing.

WAKAZOO.

Does the Western Salmon Die After Spawning?

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

EDITOR CHICAGO FIELD:—The salmon of the Pacific slope seem to be different from those of the East in many points, and it is the general opinion that they live but a few years and spawn but once, after which they die. I have seen them in the month of August, in Fraser river, after having spawned, when they were no longer bright and silvery, but a sickly, purplish red, with dark fins, struggling to be kept from being washed down stream until overcome by the force of a current, which was a mere nothing to their muscular force a few months ago, they were carried down to swell the numbers of dead ones along the banks, or stranded upon the bars.

There are salmon in some of the lakes that do not go to sea, and their habits are the same, spawn and die. I confess it does not seem to be natural, but facts are facts, and the fact is as stated, and is well known to the fishermen and others who have paid attention to the subject.

I do not remember to have heard this of the Atlantic salmon, although I have heard that the shad died after spawning.

How is this? Is it still believed that shad spawn but once and die immediately?

MAJOR.

[Some of the fishermen on the Hudson, and perhaps other rivers, still hold to this theory on account of finding many dead fish after spawning, but it is not generally so believed by fish culturists. There are clusters of eggs to be seen besides the large ovaries of the present year which look as if they were intended to be laid, and that hundreds or even thousands of fish die from the exhaustive work of ascending the rivers and spawning is not proof that they all do so. If you will turn to the CHICAGO FIELD of April 12, you will find, in the article: "A Late Introduction of American Fish," a translation of a letter from Professor Baird to the *Deutsche Fischerei Verein* on the Pacific salmon, where he very pertinently asks: "If they die at the first spawning, how is it that we find in our western streams fish of this kind (salmon) from ten to seventy pounds in weight? They certainly cannot reach this weight in the first four or five years of their lives." To us this is good proof that salmon spawn more than once or even twice.

POLLUTING THE WATERS WITH LIME.—James Kileny, Game Constable, for the town of Onondaga, N Y., recently prosecuted Mr. Clock and his partner, who were engaged in the manufacture of glue, and had built their factory in the valley, about six rods from a trout stream known by the name of Spring brook.

Mr. Henry D. Dillaye, who is associated with the firm of Fuller & Vann, appeared for James Kileny, the complainant, and Mr. Randall, senior member of the firm of Randall & Randall, appeared for the defendants. Mr. Dillaye stated that the action was brought under section 18 of the game laws of 1871, to recover three penalties of $50 each, for running quick lime and other deleterious substances into the waters of this state.

It appeared on the trial that the defendants in pursuance of their business, dug a small trench from their factory to "Spring brook" and allowed the lime water to run into it after they had used the lime for cleansing the hair from the hides. It also appeared that the defendants allowed not only this lime water but other deleterious substances to run into this brook in such quantities that the farmers who lived just below the factory were obliged to rake out the brook every now and then in order to give the water free passage and not overflow their lands. One of the farmers who was sworn on the part of the plaintiff, testified that he had raked out of this brook, at one time, not less than seven hundred dead fish, part of which were trout; that they were embedded in lime, hide and other refuse matter.

Mr. Reuben Wood, who was the last witness for the plaintiff, testified that he had made the study of the habits and mode of life of the finny tribe a specialty, and had been a fisherman ever since he knew how to walk; that not only trout, but no other fish, could live in water infected with quick lime.

Mr. Kileny, the complainant, testified that after notifying the defendant, last April or May, that they were violating the law, they continued to run lime-water into "Spring brook" at various times, up to the 9th or 10th of April, 1879.

Mark Potter, Esq., the justice before whom the case was tried, gave his rulings in a very decided and quick, but unprejudiced and fair manner, showing that he was well posted on the game laws from beginning to end, and that both sides should have fair play.

The trial is but half finished, and although the plaintiffs have made a strong case, we have yet to see what the defense will be.

Spring brook was formerly one of the finest trout streams in that section, and parts of it were noted for the great quantity of "minnies" it furnished.

We are glad to see that the Onondaga County Fishing Club has taken hold of this matter of protecting fish in Onondaga county, and that some of the game constables of this county are following in their footsteps. We commend the action and stand that the game constable of Onondaga valley has taken, and feel assured that it will result in universal benefit to the county at large.—*Syracuse paper.*

CAMARON FISHING.—"Camaron" fishing is a pursuit highly thought of in the Island of Mauritius. "Camarons" are a species of cray-fish or fresh-water prawn which are plentiful in every river and stream in the colony. They are of a beautiful blue-black, with claws set at the end of feelers quite out of proportion in length to their bodies, and a number of black legs which, when spread out at the bottom of a stream, give them something the appearance of great spiders. They measure as much as six inches in length, and a large one will turn the scale at a quarter of a pound. When boiled they turn a dark red, and are almost a universal dish at every Mauritian dinner-party. They are in season during the Summer, when the rivers are low, and the *chasse aux camarons* is made the excuse for many a pleasant party in the woods. Ladies are indefatigable fishers, and add a charm to the parties by their presence. The mode of proceeding is very curious. Arrived at the riverside, generally a pretty English-mannered brook, twisting and turning in the usual vagrant fashion of brooks between high banks, the party are handed over to a score of old *piqueurs*, poachers, and *guardiens*, who have already got ready the fishing-tackle. This consists of rods of thin bamboo six feet long, one end supplied with a slip noose made from the root of the wild indigo, which is stiff enough to remain open in the water, while it is sufficiently pliant to run together with the least pressure. Provided with one of these apiece, the fishermen are taken to the water's edge and planted in all sorts of queer positions over the likely pools, some astride of trees which have partially fallen, others on the shelving bank, supporting themselves by sticking their heels well in the soil here and there, wherever the water gives promise of camarons. The bait is manioc made into a paste and spread at the bottom of the stream. The paste is of the consistence of thin dough, and a portion of it is wrapped in a caladium leaf, lightly folded and dropped dexterously into the water, when it falls to the bottom, carrying the paste with it, which gradually floats out and lies along the gravel. Now comes the period of expectancy. The glare of the sun on the water reflects the shadows on its surface like a looking-glass, and the eyes, weary of piercing the clear water, now ruffled by a puff of wind, fill with tears and see strange things, as if in a dream, under the water. Every stone is magnified into a camaron, the bits of fallen sticks blackened by lying in the stream assume the shape of the creature's claws, and the moving water adds life to the fancy. At last a camaron makes his appearance, crawling lazily, and begins to pull in the manioc with his claw. The old *piqueur* who is looking after you grows excited, and points and whispers. At the most you can see some black lines zigzagging along the bottom, and to catch the animal you must push the noose gently under his tail till it is over his middle, and then with a smart jerk secure him. Added to the difficulty of seeing him, the camaron is cunning, and has a dislike to his tail being interfered with, and so plants it firmly on the ground and defies you to get the noose under it. An impatient movement and he is off with a rapidity quite astonishing, and each following attempt finds him more "touchy." But patience will at length be rewarded, and with a final jerk the camaron is pulled out, struggling violently, and is transferred to a pot carried for his reception. So the sport goes on; camaron after camaron is persuaded to lift his tail, and pays the penalty in the pot, till the sun gets too hot and the camarons refuse to leave their cool holes under the bank. Then the *chasseurs* retire to the "hangar" for breakfast, and spend the rest of the day as best they can till the *piqueurs* come to announce that the game is feeding, when the party turn out and catch as many more as they can before night sets in.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

INFLAMMATION OF THE EYE IN TROUT.—Cedar Rapids, Ia.—*Editor Chicago Field:*—About six weeks ago, we began to notice among our California salmon (yearlings) an occasional fish that had one or both of its eyes protruding from its head, and on the side of the head and roof of the mouth of the victim usually appears small blisters. Since we first noticed the appearance of the disease, it has spread among our fish until I think that now, fully fifteen per cent. of them are thus affected, and for the past week we have lost about fifty per day out of a lot of about 9,000. Their sight does not seem to be affected, and they will take food as long as they live. They do not die as fish usually do (without much struggle), but from their frantic leaping out of, and darting through, the water seem to "go crazy." We have them in a pond that is about thirty-five by ninety feet, and four feet deep, which is supplied by spring rising in the bottom. the amount of water that flows from the pond, will fill an opening ten by twelve inches, temperature of water 52°. We fed them on hog livers, boiled until the burning of the packing house (two months ago) since which time we have fed them on beef lights, but have been unable to procure more than one quarter of what they would eat. We have a few lake trout in the same pond that are doing finely and are not affected. From what I have written, what is your opinion as to the disease, and the cause of same? And what would you advise us to do? We threw into the pond at one time about fifty pounds of rock salt without apparent effect.

E. R. SHAW.

[There may be several causes for this trouble as, bright sun on a light bottom causing opthalmia, or an insufficient flow, impure water from decaying food, etc. Who of our readers has had similar trouble? And what remedies were applied, and with what result?—ED.]

MEETING OF SYRACUSE ANGLERS.—The "Onondaga Fishing Club" of Syracuse, N. Y., recently met, President Reuben Wood in the chair. In the absence of Mr. F. Wicks, Mr. Dillaye was appointed secretary *pro tem.* Six new members were elected, making the total membership 203. After a discussion as to the best method to protect our streams and lakes, a resolution was adopted to exact the strict penalties of the law against persons convicted of illegal fishing in this county, but, to warn such persons that in the future the laws protecting fish must be regarded and respected alike by all, and that after this date the laws against illegal fishing will be strictly enforced against any and all persons against whom judgments may be obtained by this club.

After some further discussion the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the president.

The club, aided by Game Constable Travis, is doing all in its power to preserve the fish, which for a few years past have rapidly depleted in numbers, owing to the drawing and setting of nets and other devices contrary to the law. Owing to the persistent efforts of the club during the past year the streams have been kept comparatively clear of nets and the fish given a chance to propagate. Few counties have more natural advantages than Onondaga, and it is the determination of the club to protect them.

ANOTHER IMPORTATION OF GERMAN CARP.—The Hamburg steamer Lessing arrived on the 6th inst., with twenty-three carp, in charge of the eminent naturalist, Dr. O. Finsch, formerly curator of the Bremen museum, but now on his way to the Sandwich Islands on a three years' collecting tour. The fish were met at the wharf by an assistant of the U. S. Fish Commission and safely placed in the national ponds at Washington. Sixteen of them were of the kind known as the "Leather carp," from their having a naked skin, with only a few scales near the fins, and the others were the common, or scale carp. The former variety are esteemed much the highest in Germany and sell for a better price. Those brought over in former years have grown finely, and young for distribution may be expected from them this Fall.

SOUTH CAROLINA NOTES.—Our correspondent, Catawba, writes from Rock Hill, S. C.: "Our energetic fish commissioner is now in Washington obtaining a supply of young shad for our streams. His labor is one of love, as he gets no salary, but only his expenses paid out of a meagre appropriation of $800 for the fish department of South Carolina."

Small Fry.

—Lobster canning began in Maine about May 1.

—Our correspondent who asks the meaning of the letters H. M. S., which occur before "Pinafore," is informed that after a thorough search through the archives of the Smithsonian, and pages of manuscript from Richard Grant White, without avail, we are informed by our Oshkosh philologist that it stands for His Miserable Shadboat.

—A new canning factory has been fitted up at Eastport, Maine, by Messrs. Pike & Fabens, of Boston. George R. Ray will have charge of the factory, and will commence canning lobsters as soon as the lobster season commences. He will also can corn, squash, blueberries, etc., in their season, and expects to be able to keep the factory in operation the year around.

—Shad, which have been planted by the United States Fish Commission in several streams where they did not exist before, have been found to live and thrive, especially in the Southern States. Dr. T. M. Thorpe, of Hot Springs, Ark., recently sent a four-pound shad to Professor Baird, which was caught in the Washitaw river in that state, one of a planting some four or five years ago.

—We have received the "Transactions of the American Fish-cultural Association," at its eighth annual meeting in February last. It is a handsome pamphlet of sixty-six pages, uniform with the preceding ones. We do not like its absence of conspicuous headings to the papers, nor of the proper spacing or marking of their terminations. In some cases they imperceptibly blend off into the discussions. The paper is clear and the type good, and is otherwise creditable.

—Next to man and themselves, the greatest enemies of the fish are seals and sea lions. The number of fish that a single sea-lion will devour in a day is almost incredible, and the fish have an instinctive dread of them. In the bay they rob and destroy the fishermen's nets. They are called by the fraternity "dead fishermen." When a sea-lion finds leisure growing irksome on his hands, he starts out to upset the fishermen's plans and give him an infinite amount of annoyance.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—We have an article on carp breeding, as carried on by Dr. Hessel at the national carp ponds at Washington, under the direction of Professor Baird, which will appear in our next issue, and are gathering much valuable matter and attracting a class of correspondents, which will make the CHICAGO FIELD the best of all papers for the angler, fish culturist, and all who take a passing interest in matters ichthyological, ichthyographical, ichthyolitical, ichthyomancy, ichthyophagy, ichthyopthalmites, ichthyocolla, ichthine, and several other *ichthic* subjects to be found in Webster's dictionary, where we obtained all the above terms.

—J. G. Wood, the well-known English naturalist, in a lecture the other day said that there was literally nothing of which he (the lecturer) was so fond as a rat pie. This was a dish which frequently made its appearance on his table, and was enjoyed by all his family. He had several friends, too, who, as he had, had overcome their prejudice, and thoroughly enjoyed a good helping of rat pie. Have they been demoralized by Chinese cheap labor on the other side of the pond, or are these epicurean delicacies in store for us which are hidden by a flimsy, self-imposed veil of prejudice? Well, we have labored to teach that all fish are good to eat, and need not be surprised to find a fellow worker in a neighboring vineyard.

—Dr. Palli, a distinguished Italian savant, advances the theory that the human organism undergoes in the course of its existence a slow oxidation, on the completion of which death ensues. This operation should require (accidents excepted) about 100 years. To counteract the devitalizing action, he recommends that a few grammes of a sulphate be taken every morning, as furnishing a check upon oxidation. We recommend a rod and line, and an occasional trip to pond, river or lake in place of a sulphate. Who live longer, remain healthier, or enjoy life better than anglers? Or when they do grow old, who do so more gracefully and are more genial and lovable than they?

Answers to Correspondents.

KENNEL.

R. A. K., Selin's Grove, Pa.—I have a pup about six months old; he will not eat for me. He is very poor and weak; but he is very smart and hunts well. He will eat only pie crust. Ans.—Give him a dessert spoonful of the best cod liver oil you can get, after his breakfast, and at night on going to bed. After a week, increase to a tablespoonful. Of equal parts of compound tincture of cinchona and compound tincture of gentian, fluid extract of dandelion and fluid extract of senna, give him half a teaspoonful immediately before each meal. If it loosens his bowels too much give only twice a day for three or four days, and then try three times a day again. Feed him on vegetables—such as carrots, cabbage, turnips and potatoes boiled up with some good beef and an onion. See that vegetables are thoroughly cooked and meat boiled to shreds. Feed him three times a day, let him have all the exercise he wants. Give him his food lukewarm. Do not allow him to eat any pie crust or any sweet things.

Jr H.—Pekin, Ill. My setter dog two years old had distemper last February, recovering in three to five weeks. Seemed quite well and got rather fleshy. A slight cough attacked him for a few days, two weeks after recovery. This left him in about a week. Since then he has had several attacks of cough severer than the first. His general health and flesh don't seem to suffer, but the spasms of coughing are very severe, until he seems to throw up white, frothy mucous matter. These attacks come on very suddenly, and when they abate leave him as quickly and he is perfectly free from any cough. What shall I do to keep off or stop the cough? Ans.—See aswer to W. C. P. Only give a desert-spoonful, instead of a teaspoonful.

B., Boston, Mass.—My dog, a valuable one, and highly prized for his many good qualities both in the field and at home, seems to be suffering from an attack of canker of the ear? Ans.—Cleanse it thoroughly twice a day, morning and evening, with a saturated solution of bicarbonate of soda, and apply immediately after, undiluted alcohol sufficient to fill ear, keeping it in each time five minutes. Boil onions with the food and give some beef broth, made fresh each day from good beef, with plenty of vegetables, such as carrots, potatoes, turnips and cabbages.

W. C. P., Tunica, La.—What shall I give a pup four months old for cough (otherwise well). Ans.—Syrup of tolu and syrup of gum arabic each two ounces, syrup of ipecac three drachms. A teaspoonful every three or four hours. If the bowels are constipated, a dose of castor oil also. Feed on vegetables and beef broth.

FISH.

MILTON, Vermont.—(1) If I increase the size of the bottom of my aquarium, will the same sides be sufficient to stand the pressure? (2) What is the rule for increase of pressure? (3) What is the best material for a parlor aquarium? Ans.—(1) Yes. (2) The pressure is not in proportion to the quantity of water, but to its height. The following table will give you the bottom and side pressure in pounds and fractions, the first column being for depth in feet:

Depth.	Pressure per sq. inch.	Pressure per sq. foot.
One foot	0.4338	62.3232
Two feet	0.8676	124.6464
Three feet	1.3284	186.9696
Four feet	1.7312	249.2928
Five feet	2.1640	311.6160
Six feet	2.5968	373.9392

Therefore the size of the glass determines the entire amount of pressure upon it. (3) Marble or slate.

W. L. M., Tipton, Tenn.—(1). What kinds of game fish are suitable for ponds in this part, which are not fed by running water? (2). Where can I buy the fry cheapest? (3). How can I get rid of crawfish? Ans.—(1). Probably black bass, the small mouth if large ponds with rocky bottoms, if not, then get the big mouth; for differences and description see CHICAGO FIELD of Jan. 18th. (2). You may get adult fish from the waters of your own state. (3). Eat them, they are good made in a salad, like lobster, or made in a soup or bisque. The bass may eat them, they are favorite food for them.

J. G., Boston.—(1). What is considered the best bait for black bass? (2). Where can I obtain imitations of crickets, shrimps, etc? Ans.—(1). Crayfish, dobsons or hellgramites, crickets, minnows, grasshoppers, etc. (2). Consult our advertising columns, and write to dealers in such articles. We answer these questions frequently.

L. P., Richmond, Va.—See answer above.

M., Tangipahoa, La.—(1). Would the European carp thrive in our warm ponds? (2). Where can I try them? Ans.—(1). Most undoubtedly, just the place for them. (2). They are not for sale; address Professor S. F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner on Fisheries, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.

Angler, Augusta, Ga.—Where can I find the best description of the two black basses? I mean in *English*, as I do not understand scientific terms? Ans.—In the CHICAGO FIELD of Jan. 18th, 1879, will be found exactly what you require.

GIVEN UP BY DOCTORS.—"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?" "I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!" "Well-a-day! That is remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good."—Advt.

KENNEL.

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Imported Rapp—pure Gordon. The best stock dog in the stud anywhere. Fee for choice $25.

Brood bitches, imp. Gordon Nell; imp. Laverack—Irish Carrie; and Lady Plunket (Plunket—Kitty). These bitches are all very fine and will be bred to the best stud dogs to be found this Spring. Pups $15 and $25. Several broken. Retrieving spaniels for sale at $25 to $40.

I believe I am not egotistical when I affirm that I have the best lot of dogs in America. Address me for particulars. W. H. HOLABIRD, Valparaiso, Ind.

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CHAMPION RUFUS, Irish, deep red, no white, by Trench's Shot out of Trench's Linda, combining the celebrated Trench, Daly & Hendrick's pure strains. One of the best bred and handsomest dogs in the country, and winner of nine prizes in England and America, including the Irish championship at New York (beating Elcho) and Stock Dog Cup.

Rufus is the sire of the following noted prize winners, all of one litter: Rufus II, Centennial Irish Champion; Rory O'More, 1st New York (beating the get of Elcho and Plunket); Fire Fly, 1st Centennial and 2d New York; Kelpie, 2d Centennial, and Fanchon 1st Kansas City.

FEE—Rob Roy, $35; Druid, $35; Rufus, $25. Apply to

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Two or three choice bitch pups for sale, sired by Champion Berkley, and out of Ruby, a choice, thoroughbred, imported bitch, sired by Jenkins' Derg (first in open class at New York); Ruby is an excellent bitch in the field.

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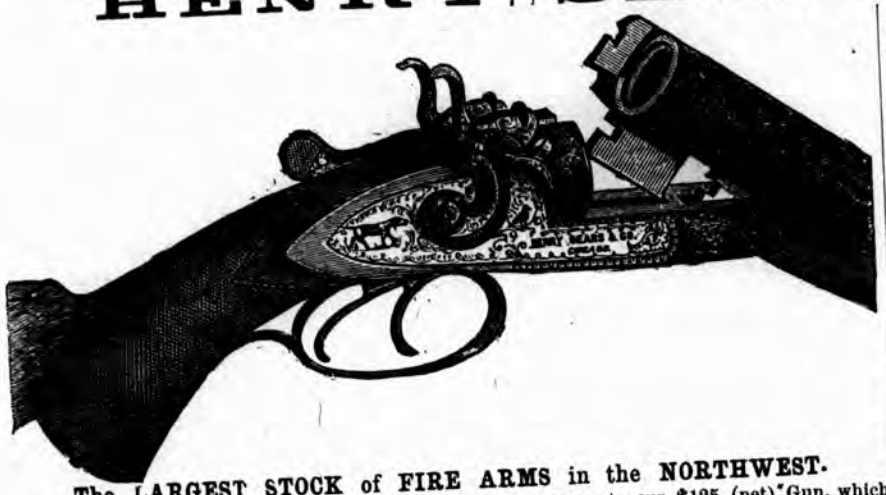

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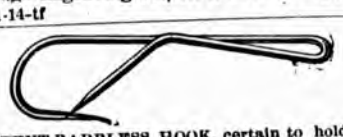

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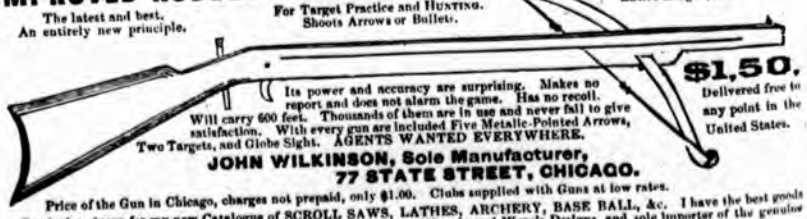

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